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J. VALENTINE, PHOTO.

MRS ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

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SONGS OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

BY

MRS ELIZABETH CAMPBELL,

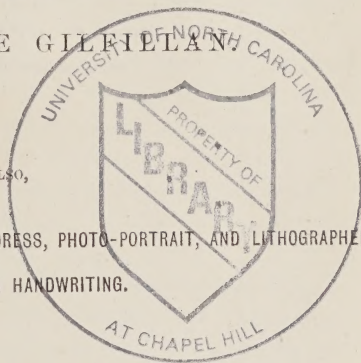
LOCHEE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN,

ALSO,

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHORESS, PHOTO-PORTRAIT, AND LITHOGRAPHED
POEM IN HER HANDWRITING.



EDINBURGH:

ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET.

1875.

PRINTED BY
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MRS CAMPBELL: A CRITICISM.

It is, let me say at once, as a phenomenon that I wish to present Mrs CAMPBELL to the literary world. It was thus, as Carlyle says, that Burns came on the public, and it is thus that all self-taught men and women of merit have come. And this should at once disarm criticism, and secure attention, allowance, and a certain measure of wonder. Meteors have not the round completeness and serene splendour of a star, but they, for the time, startle more, and produce warmer admiration.

Had ELIZABETH CAMPBELL produced nothing but her fragment of Autobiography prefixed, it had been enough to stamp her a woman of genuine genius. Anything more simply graphic and unostentatiously beautiful we have seldom, if ever, read. It is not so bold and powerful, of course, as Burns' famous letter to Dr Moore, but it is quite as sincere and exquisitely natural. The description of the moth, with the "scarlet bridle to its neck, and the velvety-scarlet horns on its head;" "of the great kail-yard in the wilderness—the Paradise of her childhood;" "of the dear, old cot, with its surroundings, its lochs and springs, its bents and grassy footpaths, so bright in her memory, all glowing with a halo from heaven;" "of the silken-haired dog, Cherry, shot at last for old age;" of her experiences as a little servant-girl; "of her thinking trees as high as hills, and half-a-mile the length of an hundred;" and particularly her description of her father, who "might have been a *model* to a nation—a *Noah* or an *Abraham*"—and who taught her not to waste a crumb that was useful to man

or beast (what a lesson of thrift to both poor and rich in these wasteful days !); indeed, every line of it is so good in its absolute artlessness and ideal simplicity, reminding you of the style of Robinson Crusoe, or the Vicar of Wakefield, that you keenly regret when it becomes more general, sketchy, and, at last, abruptly closes. Truly says a literary gentleman, who has read her Autobiography and her poems, "Her life is a wonderful life ! The insight into character which she shows is great ; her analysis of her own mind is a study ; her just appraisal of others also. And as an evidence of the high principles which actuate our best humbler classes, it is above price to show upon what solid foundations of hidden worth and pious resignation our noble old country rests."

Mrs CAMPBELL'S poetry partakes of all that simplicity and earnestness which distinguish her prose. It comes gushing out from her like the song of a linnet or thrush. It is not so much the strength or originality of what she says as it is the bird-like beauty, freedom, and abandonment with which she says or sings it that makes her book so interesting. Her book is in poetry what the Queen's Journal was in prose. To a class of literary prigs and "educated wiseacres" there appeared in that most truthful of all Journals no beauty to be desired, and they called it, if not openly, yet in whispers, silly, childish, commonplace, and so forth. Of course, Mrs CAMPBELL has the plea the Queen has not, of want of education. Apart from this, her book, like the Queen's, is charming from its want of all meretricious charms, and strong in its avoidance of all spasmodic effort ; and even its grammatical blunders and frequent platitudes and poornesses being characteristic, do not hinder but help the general effect. The whole volume seems an experiment how much can be done by *naked nature*, and it appears to us completely successful.

For it should be ever borne in mind that she has had the greatest disadvantages to contend with in her imperfect education, her menial station, her poverty, and the various deep sorrows which

chequered her lot. Well says the gentleman already quoted, "Her love of the beautiful and the progressive, in spite of overwhelming obstructions, may well astonish her hypercritical detractors. Such things are too wonderful for me. How her head and heart have kept so sound and strong under such tragic pressure of circumstances, is a priceless tribute to human truth." Not the least remarkable feature of Mrs CAMPBELL'S verses is the spirit of piety which pervades them. Many, if not the majority, of her poems rise, ere they close, upwards like the flames on an altar, toward heaven. Her devotion, like her poetry, is of the very simplest and sincerest character—sincere and simple as the songs with which the grove salutes the morning sun. In contrast with her sordid circumstances and thickening sorrows she carries ever about with her a picture of Heaven, with its rest to the weary, peace to the troubled in heart, glory to the neglected, riches to the poor, and the boon of an eternal education to those who in this life have had no intellectual advantages, and have had everything to crush down and enfeeble their aspiring spirits. This picture is painted in those few but gorgeous colours she has derived from Scripture—crowns of glory, palms of victory, white robes of purity, and rivers of life. It is in the very style of old Samuel Rutherford, and the other Covenanting Saints, that she, in the 19th century, talks of the Celestial Country.

Indeed, when we first met with our Poetess, we thought we were in the company of one of the Women of the Covenant. The clean, humble, simple dress, in thorough keeping with her age and circumstances, the quiet earnestness of her face, the mild gravity of her manners, and, above all, the solemn, measured, and enthusiastic tones in which she recited her own poetry, all carried us back to the days of Isabel Weir, John Brown's wife, and the other heroic matrons who stood by the sides, sustained the courage, cheered the hearts of their lords in battle, and were ready to wrap up their bloody corpses in their plaids after death ! And we wished we had been present at one of the meetings she that evening described

between Janet Hamilton and herself, when the two kindred-spirited seniors exchanged hearts and songs ; ELIZABETH CAMPBELL sitting at Janet's feet as she read her portions of her poetry, and the Blind Bardess, in that metallic but melting monotone of hers, pouring out some rhymed story of humble life, or some plaintive poetic reminiscence,

“Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.”

Let those who would see genuine grief set to a music as sweet and mournful as that of a lonely, wailing mountain river turn to page 113, and read her “Graves of my Sons,” or to the last poem in the volume, and which is preceded by her own brief and most graphic and affecting account of the circumstances which elicited it, when she had to identify the mangled remains of her son who had been killed suddenly by an accident connected with a teasing-machine. No wonder though

“The blest sun veiled his brightness, the clouds their radiant hue,
The moon trailed bloody shadows across the azure blue,
The planets paled their lustre, and hid in darkness deep,
When sudden death in silence hushed my dear son asleep!”

We do not quote the last verses, but our readers will find them almost unsurpassed for simple, heart-rending pathos.

The book is now in the hands of the public, and it must and will judge for itself. Let me, however, be permitted to recommend among many others the following pieces :—The first poem in the volume, entitled “Early Love;” “The Fairy King’s Wedding,” a pleasant bit of poetic fantasy ; “Willie Mill’s Burn,” which wimples along as the burn itself did :—

“Dancing down the rushy glen,
Flowing on through field and fen,
Piping to the clouds and stars,
Overleaping rocky bars,
Sighing ’mid the sand and stones,
In the meadows green it moans,
Murmuring in silent shades,
Whistling through the forest glades.”

“The Man in Satin Shoon,” a delectable ballad ; “Struck by Lightning,” founded on a fact in her own experience, when a flash stunned her, and she says—

“Its burning stamp on my aged brow
Tells me my days are few ;
Its tongue of fire bade me prepare
To bid the world adieu.”

“My Infant Day and my Hair Grown Grey ;” “Make my Bed, Jeanie dear,” a touching address by a dying mother to her daughter ; “Robin Redbreast,” one of the sweetest lays ever awakened in response to the Laureate of Winter, who

“Steals up to my window cill
To eat my crumbs of bread ;
And peeps in with his clear black eyes,
And pretty, listening head.”

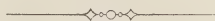
The “Beautiful Creation of God”—a gush of true and tender devotion—worthy of a woman’s heart as well as a poet’s pen ; and the “Sailor’s Farewell,” and “Harvest Home,” both intensely natural in sentiment and easy in style.

A number of years ago, while her husband was disabled for work, Mrs CAMPBELL got small collections of her pieces printed in Arbroath, and tried to eke out a subsistence by selling them. The little specimens of her verse which have already appeared in print have been received with warm approval by those that love poets who, in Wordsworth’s language a little altered, can “pipe a simple song to feeling hearts ;” and I have no doubt an equally kind reception awaits this revised edition of her Poems.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

DUNDEE, *October* 1875.

THE LIFE OF MY CHILDHOOD.



I WAS born on the 11th February, in the year 1804, at the Quarryhead, by the ruins of the old Castle Vane, belonging to the Lindsays of Edzell. At the time there was a severe snowstorm. My father, whose name was James Duncan, was a ploughman, with two sons and six daughters. I am the fifth; and a little brother lies in the churchyard of Tannadice. In that parish I was born, and in that church I was baptised. I had three brothers and six sisters, together with a half-sister, making a family of ten. My mother died when I was three years old. My sister Barbara was fifteen months, my eldest sister in her sixteenth year, the next in her fourteenth year. They had to keep my father's house six months by turn, as my father was too poor to give them wages. These were the lonely days for me and my two little sisters that could not dress ourselves. Mary herded the Castle cows, and came home at night. Agnes and Barbara and I wandered like forlorn crows from morn to night, weep, weep, weeping, as motherless children do. I was three months old when my father came to the Castle of Findowry to work the first pair of horses. He served there twenty years. We lived in a great old lonely thatched house three-quarters of a mile from any other house. It was an old farm-house, with one added the size of itself; but it had no roof, so we got it for a garden, along with the garden ground of the two farms. There was a willow hedge for a march to divide them, and one sunny morning I saw a moth among the willow leaves; I was so amazed at the size of the wonderful creature, with its coat of brightest green and scarlet, I ran to the house for my sisters to come and see it; but when we came it was

nowhere to be seen. Thirty years after I saw one in a doctor's window. I went in and asked him what it was. He said, "That's a moth." I told him I once saw one among willow leaves, but it was of a beautiful green, with a scarlet bridle to its neck, and velvety scarlet horns on its head like a butterfly. He said, "That one was green; the spirits that preserve it make it white."

That great kail-yard in a wilderness was the paradise of my childhood. No other spot on earth has ever borne such a charm for me as that old feudal Castle, with its towers and turrets, gun-holes, woods, wells, and mossy brooks, where me and my baby sister wandered so lonely, hunting for water hens and wild ducks' nests among the grassy hillocks, and wading for water lilies, and wandering in the moor among the sweet heather bells and the golden broom. Every tree I knew in the old kail-yard. There was a row of trees round its old feal dyke, and the hedge of bourtree on the east, where we sat under its shade and watched the cuckoo resting on the trees to pour forth its two wonderful notes. We hushed our voices and sat still as stone for fear we would disturb it. I loved the bourtree's white blossom, and the sweet-briar roses, the bed of sweetwilliam, the southern wood, like a great bush of broom, the lint, with its sweet blue bells, for my father got the Castle plough to plough up the western part, and sow lint and barley in the eastern. We digged the ground to plant potatoes and greens, and "carvies" grew by my father's door, and the peppermint for our tea. We got none of the China herb in those days. That peppermint is still growing in the corn-field, after the house has been gone some fifty years and more. The trees and flowers, the heather and the broom, the whins and the rushes, the perch, the eels, the "esks," the minnows, and the water lilies have all given place to the plough. The dear old cot with its surroundings, its lochs and springs, its bents and grassy footpaths, are bright in my memory, all glowing with a halo from heaven.

I never knew the loss of my mother. Her death was to me like a dream. The morning she died my elder sister milked the cow, and gave us our porridge with the new milk out of doors by the side of the turf stack, and I have never thought any feast half so grand since. Truly God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. My infant heart felt not the great loss. God hid it from my knowledge. There was plenty to eat in my father's house, had there been any one to cook it for us little ones. We had a cow; and the lady of the Castle also gave us the milk of the best cow in the Castle byre for the benefit of my baby sister, Barbara, because the midwife caused the death of my mother when Barbara was born. She gave the cow's first calf to my mother, for she lingered eighteen months on her death-bed. The lady was so whimsical she let the calf wade in the fields of corn, and no one dared to turn it out. But they managed to pet and spoil it, and so it grew dangerous by learning to gore people. My father sold it into a Highland drove passing for the southern markets for ten pounds. The lady was offended with my father for selling it. She said she would have given him the best cow in her possession, and kept it in a park to suckle calves, for my mother's sake. Oh, how my heart clung to that beautiful black and white spotted gentle cow and our dog "Cherry," that barked to let us know when a drove of tinkers was coming. When coming we flew like drift, shut the door, and pushed in the bar with trembling hands, and stood cowering in terror with our backs against the wall betwixt the windows. We saw the shadows of the "tinks" peeping in at the windows, and heard them try the latch of the door, though they did not break it open. "Cherry" was old-fashioned, and never said "mum" till they were gone. Then we stole out of our holes like frightened rats. "Cherry" was a cunning dog, and saved us children from many a beating. If my father laid a hand on us he was at him in a twinkling. Poor silken-haired "Cherry!" I could feel no more though I saw a man or woman shot than I felt when "Cherry" was shot for old age. It seemed to

me like a murder when I saw her life-blood ebbing away in little streams from every pore where the small shot entered her side. So we lost our friend and protector, that cheered us in the dark nights when we were left alone afraid in the dark, with our cow, our cat, and six hens, and the great barnyard cock, that crowed to us in the morning. Our great park of a yard, with the row of dear old ash trees, the lint, the barley, the potatoes, the greens, the carrots, the beans, the onions, and flowers, made up quite a little farm. I caught minnows in the loch in summer from morn to night. Time wore on, and my father brought home a new mother. She learned me to read at the side of her spinning-wheel. She also learned me to knit and spin.

I went out to service when I was seven years and three months old. I got a quarter at the white seam in my ninth year, and that is all the schooling I ever got while at home. My first service was of the lowest kind; my master was a ploughman, and my work was to fetch the cow to and from the farmer's cattle, shear grass to her on the river's bank, and gather a load of whins, as much as I could carry on my back. I had also to wash the dishes, dress two children, and spin six cuts of linen yarn daily. My wages were six shillings in the half-year, and my stepmother washed my clothes. I could not tell how miserable I felt in that strange ugly hovel—me that had such a strange love for the beautiful. It was a prison to me. I was packed off to sleep alone in what was termed the ben end—me that was afraid in the dark, and huddled my head under the bedclothes, and thought I was safe from all ill. And so I was. God's angel kept watch over me, though I did not know of it then. Every morning I wakened to sorrow when my eyes looked upon that ugly little window, with its mouldering clay sole. I could not treat any one's child as that woman treated me. There is no doubt that I was rebellious at times, and one instance is printed on my memory. But it is so long ago I don't remember my fault, but she beat me and pushed me out of doors into the dark, and called

on the ghost of Brandy Den to take me. I was as unhappy as a banished convict in that ugly cot on the whinny moor, with no flower nor tree like the dear old ash tree that waved its shadow on the green grass at my father's door, when the summer sunbeams blinked like angels, shedding halos from heaven on my motherless head. I wept among the willows and among the whins, and talked aloud to myself as I gathered my load. A neighbour man of my father's, who chanced to pass by on the other side of the hedge of whins, heard me say, "Oh, if I could but see my sister 'Babee' again!" He marched off, and did not make his appearance, for fear I should come away with him, and make an attempt to break off my service in the middle of my engagement. Such a thing was thought a great disgrace in those days. I got away sometimes on Saturday night for my clean clothes, so I said I was not well, and unable to go back. I got no answer; I suppose my stepmother could see there was nothing the matter with me. So she rose up pretty quickly on Sabbath morning, and gave me something to eat and packed me off. I saw it was no use running away, but I managed to shirk going to a new place. The cowherd's daughter of Balnamoon kept house for her father. He had a little croft and two cows. The daughter wanted me for the winter. She said to me, "When you go to your father's, will you ask your stepmother if she will allow you to come to me?" I said Yes, but took good care not to tell her so. So home I went at the term. Behold, when my stepmother went to market to sell her butter she met Margaret Cooper, my would-be mistress. Margaret said to her, "You did not let your lassie come to me?" "I never knew you wanted her." "Oh, the cuttie, did she not tell you?" There were four spinning wheels in my father's house, and I was glad to spin at home and shear in harvest. I got a year at home, and my quarter at the white seam. I then went to my second service in my ninth year. I was no more afterwards at home in my father's house—the dear old thatched cottage of my childhood—where I thought trees as high as hills, and half a mile the length of a hun-

dred. When I took my little sister Barbara by the hand to a rising ground to show her the woods, telling her they were hills, and so far away—there were two great leafy beech trees at the entrance of a fir plantation—I pointed my finger to the wood, and asked her if she saw those two green hills, and said, “Though you think them so near, it would take you an hundred years to walk to them.”

But I wandered far from the cot of my childhood. That has aye been my earthly paradise, where my dear old father gathered his motherless children around the family altar, and taught us the end we were born for was to serve the living God. There was never an Earl’s daughter taught her duty to God and man more pure in the highest school of Great Britain than my old father taught me in that lowly cot. I thought him hard then, but I blessed him when I was far away among strangers. And I bless him now that he taught me not to waste a crumb that was useful to man or beast. If ever I come to want I have nothing on my conscience that I ever wasted wilfully anything in my mistress’ house or my own. Bless my father ! he was a man with the fear of God in his heart, and might have been a model to a nation—a Noah or an Abraham for setting an example. I never heard an oath pass his lips, nor saw him the worse of drink. He was a stern, prudent man, taking care not to show to his children what was not good for them to know about. And my stepmother was a woman of as good principles as my father, but there was a bit of the miser in her. God bless her ! she indulged me in my love for reading ; she bought me songs and penny books to read ; she bought me the penny book of the “Bleeding Lamb,” and I was greatly taken with it, and learned it by heart. The Examination was a great thing in those days—it came once a-year, and all the people were gathered under the master’s roof, along with his family. Wo be to those that could not say their questions correct ; but, with all my blunders and ignorance, I was in the habit of getting a small prize now and again. These may

scarcely seem worth mentioning in the eyes of the world, but every one of these is a bright treasure to me—a bright spot in my memory. The minister asked me questions on the “Bleeding Lamb,” so I came off victorious in my examination—the best little scholar, in my seventh year. The minister and the master were walking together in the afternoon in the fields when sister Barbara and I were going to the well for water. When we met them he said, “This is my little scholar,” and gave me twopence. It made me very proud, I can tell you.

In my reading I have read the History of France, England, and Scotland, Scott’s Novels, the Life of Elisha, the Death of Abel, and part of the Jewish War, and Hervey’s Meditations, and Raggit Harry, the Black Dragon of the Glasgow College—the best tale I ever read, because his father was the Earl of Findowry, the dear old Castle where my father served twenty years, and where the stately, stern old lady taught me in her school of honesty and truth. She must have felt very lonely without children of her own, when she would be pleased to be interested with poor children like us, when she would gather us poor children in to amuse herself with, and also do us good. She gave Agnes, Barbara, and myself our dinner sometimes. Mary, the eldest of us, herded the Castle cows. The old lady span fine linen for her own amusement in the great old arch of the Castle kitchen fireplace, that you could have driven a coach and six through. She would make us three run on all fours to see who would touch her apron first. When she thought we had done enough she would say, “Take a luggit bicker and go to the garden and pull some berries, and see you don’t eat any till you come in, and let me see how many you have pulled.” We were faithful as day. She would then tell us to go out on the bowling green and eat them. And when I grew up and went far away to service, she gave my step-mother a spinning wheel for me, because she said I talked to her when I was a child, and she never could get a word out of my sister Agnes.

The scenes of my childhood are yet bright in my memory. I love to think about them still more and more as I totter down the brae. So I have tried to give an account of them in my own way. I hope that, as the writing of it has given me pleasure, it may also have some interest to those who read it. I cannot attempt to tell about my after life; it would take far too long. I will only mention one or two things about it before I lay down my pen. As I have said, I went to my second service in my ninth year, and that was to herd cows and sheep in Glenesk. I was at the top of the hills before the sun rose in the month of June, with my dog, gathering ewes and lambs, singing like a mavis. A neighbour farmer's son said to my shepherd brother that he never saw the like of me, for the earliest morning he was up I was on the hill-tops making them ring with my singing. I grew up, and served as maid at various farms, and from them got into higher situations. One was with an Indian Nabob, where I learned to cook; and another in Edinburgh—Barry's Hotel, in Princes Street—a grand house in those days, and as respectable as a private gentleman's house. King George honoured it with his presence, so all the great folks flocked to it. I went to France with the Grays of Carsegray, near Forfar, and stayed for about two years near St Malo. As we were to travel on the Continent, to make me fit to do the marketing the young ladies gave me a lesson in French and English grammar every night after dinner was over; but the Revolution of 1830, when Charles X. was dethroned, broke out, and my master and his family left France, recommending me to a friend of their own in Jersey, and so I lost my travels and my grammar lessons. I liked France, it was such a beautiful country, with its vines growing in the fields by the river, where I used to watch the vessels and pleasure boats sailing like swans in the clear sunlight. After I was at another place or two, I was married, at Brechin, by the Rev. Mr Gray, to William Campbell, who was a flaxdresser to trade. Before this I had learned to work at the handloom, and after I was married I filled pirns to four weavers

for two years, when my boys were wee toddlin' things. My life has been full of toil and sorrows so many and so deep that I never could tell them. We lived after our marriage at Brechin for a number of years, and then came to Arbroath, where we stopped till my daughters and myself came to live in Lochee two years ago. My husband had an accident, by which for a long time he was never able to work, and which at last brought on his death. This took place about six years ago at Arbroath. I had four sons and four daughters. All my sons are now in the grave : two of them died in early life, and my son John, who was in the Scots Greys, died from the effects of a fall from a horse. My second son, William, was also a soldier. He was in the Black Watch, and served through the Crimean war, and he and a man of the name of Robb, belonging to Peterhead, were the first two who entered Sebastopol after the Russians had left it. He left the army, and when serving as helper or foreman to the Governor of the House of Refuge in Aberdeen, was killed by a hair-teazing machine on the 20th April 1866, in his thirty-fifth year. Oh ! I cannot tell what a bitter and sad trial it was for me to go to identify the mangled remains of my poor son Willie. This was the greatest of the many sorrows of my life, and I have mourned sore, and still mourn, his untimely end. God has brought me through the furnace, but He gave me strength to bear what was laid upon me, and I have cause to thank Him for all His goodness during my long life. I have been long subject to the ague, and it often takes me badly, helping to wear out my frail body, which shall soon be for ever at rest. I will wait with patience till God's good time will come.

CONTENTS.

Mrs CAMPBELL : A CRITICISM. BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—THE LIFE OF MY CHILDHOOD.

	Page.
Early Love,	17
Noran River,	19
The Fairy King's Wedding,	21
The White Lily,	26
Willie Mill's Burn,	27
His Hair was like the Raven's Wing,	30
Sleep,	31
The New Moon of December,	32
The Cruising Barque,	33
Bonnie Dunblane,	34
The Man in Satin Shoon—A Ballad,	37
The Lily of the Valley,	40
The Evening Star,	41
Malta's Isle,	42
Anna Bell—A Ballad,	43
Our End of Time is Coming,	45
The Sea,	47
O ! Lassie, I could Live wi' Thee,	48
The Gardener,	49
Fatherless Mary,	50
The Cot by the Moor—A Visit to the Home of my Childhood,	51
The Sang o' Spring,	53
Address to the Morning Star,	55
Nelly,	56
Struck by Lightning,	57
The Spanish Rock,	59
My Infant Day and my Hair grown Gray,	60
My Tramp to see the Queen,	62
Threescore and Ten,	63

A Sunset before a Storm,	64
Mak' my Bed, Jeanie, dear,	65
The Bees,	66
The Battle of Alma,	67
The Minnow Pool,	69
The Starling Bird,	71
The Wreck of the "Maju,"	72
The Robin Redbreast,	74
The Pear Tree,	76
The Beautiful Creation of God,	77
Winter Memories,	80
Catlaw Hill,	81
Long, Long Ago,	83
In the Depths,	84
The Banks of Clyde,	85
My Winter Rose is Budding,	86
The Bygone Days,	87
Death and Sin,	89
Careston,	89
Prince Charlie,	91
Ury Vale,	94
The Royal Wedding,	96
Among Flowers which never Grew,	97
The Spring on the Sea Beach,	98
The Raven at my Window,	99
When I was a Shepherdess,	100
The Sailor's Farewell,	102
The Power of Nature,	106
Autumn,	106
The Promised Day,	108
A Motherless Babe,	109
A Peep at the Sea in the Gloaming,	111
First Love,	112
The Graves of my Sons,	113
The Shadows on the Wall,	115
The Winter Clouds,	116
Hogmanay,	117
Edinburgh,	118
Mary Lee—A Ballad,	119
The Harvest Home,	122
A Dead Child,	125
Ossian's Grave,	126
The Death of Willie, my Second Son,	127

The promised Day
My eyes have lost their lustre -
My voice its silvery tone -
My steady hands are shaking now -
And weak and withered grown
My hardy feet that walk'd so far
Now totter on the way -
In summer sun and winter snow -
Give him'd God's promised day -
Shed all its tears of sorrow -
And sigh'd out all its woe -
The ill that every morrow -
Greet wanderers here below -
God lead me to the river -
With the sacred crimson flow -
and wash my head my hands and feet
Far whiter than the snow -
Then lead me through the pearly gates
and up the golden street -
To thy lord home where rest awaits
The pilgrims weary feet -
Elizabeth Campbell -



P O E M S.



E A R L Y L O V E.

|| NEVER truly loved but once,
|| My other loves did pale
Beneath the witching glowing glance
Of the hero of my tale.

My dearest love was lost to me,
But my heart beats yet as warm
As it did for him by the silvery sea,
When we walked there arm in arm.

We lingered by the leaping tide,
Among the ruins old ;
While night-clouds o'er the sky did glide,
And the moon shone clear and cold.

Hours sped away in her mystic light,
Down by the rocky shore,
Ere we could say farewell that night,
And part to meet no more.

And when he kissed his last adieu,
The world swam round and round,
Its sweet light faded from my view,
My tears bedewed the ground.

O ! the desolation of that hour,
Which made my heart to mourn,
When my love crossed the Indian Sea,
Ah ! never to return.

Still, while my weary years did roll,
That Star of Love divine
Stamped with its beams my inmost soul,
And left their deathless shine.

Within my sacred heart of hearts,
Safe hid away from harm,
His image has not dimmed with time,
Nor lost its powerful charm.


Alas ! while we remain below,
Things brilliant as the morn
And purest joys are mixed with woe,
Love blooms upon a thorn.

Yet love's the brightest star on earth,
Our chequered life to cheer.
God wove love in us at our birth,
Part of His glory here.

Yes, He whose very name is Love,
This power divine has given ;
And He shall raise our souls above,
And perfect it in heaven !

NORAN RIVER.

“A clear and rapid stream in Forfarshire, rising in the parish of Tannadice, and emptying itself in the South Esk.”—*Chambers' Gazetteer of Scotland*.

LEAR Noran springs out of the Grampian hills,
Where the lochs shed their waters in rivers and rills,
And gay wandering shepherds the wild pibroch play,
That echoes in grandeur in glens far away.

And low is the murmur, sweet Noran, in thee,
When thou first tak'st thy journey to roll to the sea,
Down through the green vale where my birthplace I claim—
I was born on thy banks, O ! my pure Noran stream.

By the old castle ruins on the gray corrie rock,
Where my mother me blessed in our lowly thatched cot,
And kissed and caressed me in every alarm,
And pillowed my head on her poor feeble arm.

While winter winds raved amid fast-falling snow,
And wailed through the willows and rushes below,
That fringed the banks of my dear native stream,
While no moon nor star on its ice-shroud did gleam.

Ye wild warring elements raging in strife,
Like the dark troubled waves of my sorrowful life,
How humbling, how bitter my portion has been,
With sorrows that cut to the heart, O ! so keen.

Dame Fortune took care not to smile on my birth,
She mingled my cup with more sorrow than mirth ;
And hasted away on her light, airy heel,
And no more came nigh me to turn her wheel.

O ! would I'd been richer, with stores full of gold !
Nay, religion is better than treasures untold ;
Then why should I fret ? Let my mind be at rest,
Since God gives each creature what answers him best.

So, come to my bosom, my golden-haired boy,
And bless me once more with your innocent joy ;
Your blue eyes so starry are dearer to me
Than diamonds all brilliant from over the sea.

O ! roll on, clear Noran, 'mid hazel and slaes ;
May bright shine the sun on thy wild, flowery braes,
Where wild rose and hawthorn scent the soft gale,
That wafts on its wings the loved sound of the bell

Of the old village church, where a child I was given
In baptismal pledge to our Father in heaven ;
To that church and its grave-yard oft memory will fly,
For my mother and brother there silently lie.

O ! roll on, clear Noran, 'mid wild rocky caves,
The fierce mountain torrents oft swell in thy waves ;
Thy racing flood reached not nor stirred with its shock
That poor peasant home near the old castle rock.

Now the landscape is altered and strange to me seems,
But unchanged art thou, Noran, thou clearest of streams,
That sang me to sleep in my lowly thatched home—
I have loved and shall love thee wherever I roam.

THE FAIRY KING'S WEDDING.

THE clear, bubbling spring by the castle green,
All fringed with sweet wild flowers, no more is seen;
For the broom of time hath swept the spot
Of castle and garden and moorland cot.

When I was a fanciful, credulous child,
I believed that the fairies roamed over the wild,
In invisible boats rowed over the lake,
Late, late in the gloamings to dance on the brake.

Invisible dwarfs all dressed in green rushes,
To come and to go in and out of the bushes,
And in at the key-hole, defying the lock,
And out at the chimney they flew with the smoke.

Findowry was famed for its fairy band,
It was there they thronged to their banquetings grand,
And revelled around its dear old walls,
Where the dew in the moonlight so softly falls.

Once (as I've heard) in the times long ago,
One wanting the dark power of magic to know—
A sleek, holy monk, with body not slender,
Came here in disguise, like King Saul at Endor.

It was then hallow-eve, the great elfin fair,
When the fairies all gathered to crown their king there;
They were all dressed in robes of rushes green,
And decked o'er with dew-drops of dazzling sheen.

Away they flew to adorn the hall,
Calling on witches to come to the ball ;
For elves and witches, the wide world o'er,
Were coming to dance in the fairy bower.

All riding on broomsticks the witches did meet
To curtsy and kiss the Fairy King's feet ;
With blood-red rings on their skinny hands,
They muttered their malisons over the lands.

With brows all a wrinkle and eyes like cats,
The wizards had oil on their grizzly pats.
The fat monk was trembling, affrighted, amazed,
And signed himself oft with the cross as he gazed.

For fairies were flying like crows through the air,
For jewels in their gay wedding robes to wear,
For ruby buckles and gloves to their hands,
And golden heads to their magic wands—

Coral brooches and emerald rings,
And diamonds to tip their bat-like wings,
And all the precious stones which shine
In the endless rocks of the fairy mine.

Then a Genü's hammer came down with a knock,
And a crown flew out of an opal rock,
All studded with gems of every name,
From the fairy mines that flashed like flame.

And a fairy prince and a fairy peer
Took the crown, like a blazing chandelier,
And placed it with grace on the Fairy King's head,
Amid fountains of wine and mountains of bread.

The fairies they roared till the echoes rang
Like the voice of the thunder o'er great Mont Blanc ;
The fearful monk prayed that his power o'er the host
Of fairies and goblins then might not be lost.

They had given him musical bells for his toes,
And a great French horn to blow with his nose ;
And the witches and wizards and fairies did run,
And plunged in the water which pardoned their sin.

The Fairy King Frot was a fine little fellow,
With wings at his elbows and ringlets of yellow,
With silver-starred cravat and doublet of green,
He played on the fiddle amid the moon-sheen.

But the massive and glittering magical crown
Brought to the Fairy King's brow but a frown ;
He paled and sickened and sighed for a queen,
And flew to the woods and the meadows green.

He wept and he wailed in the wan moonlight,
Till he found a nymph, like a sunbeam bright,
In the watery caves of the fairy wells,
Where they come in the moonlight to cast their spells.

King Frot, with a wave of his magic wand,
Proclaimed her the Queen of all Fairy Land ;
He bound her fair brow with a garland gay,
Took her lily-white hand, and led her away.

To a grotto of silver and pearls rare
He brought her, and gave her a wedding ring there ;
And a veil as bright as snowdrops in spring—
When they saw her the birds all began to sing.

Frot waved to the priest to tie the knot,
To join their fair hands, and to bless their lot ;
So he buckled them fast in Hymen's band,
That brought home the queen to fairy land.

A prince, with a coat made of tiger's hide,
Was groom at the wedding, and kissed the bride
All on the sly, where they were not seen,
When the cocks did crow and the moon did sheen.

That brilliant carouse was never forgot
By the rattling friends of the Fairy King Frot ;
And when they had danced and dined in the bower,
They called for a trip at the wedding tour.

King Frot blew a blast with his magic horn,
And out flew a steed from each stalk of corn ;
And elephants white, no larger than mice,
With dragon-flies' wings, appeared in a trice.

There were flunkies in red to wait on the peers,
Ringing and tinkling the bells at their ears ;
Such fluting and drumming and playing the horn,
Never was heard since King Pharaoh was born.

Frot waved the wand of his magical powers,
And flocks of wee fairies flew out of the flowers ;
The lords were adorned with horns and springs,
The ladies with airy, gossamer wings.

And they lifted their steeds on the wheels that run
On the fairy rails to the rocks in the moon,
To hunt for the man who never comes down
To shew us the cut of his kilt or his gown.

All shrieking and yelling, with streaming hair,
The witches tore on their brooms through the air ;
With golden balls for the wizard's gun,
And silver arrows to shoot at the moon :

To cripple the comets and capture the stars,
And steal them away in their thistle-down cars ;
To hang them up on the coral pins,
In the golden hillock behind the whins.

But they reached not the moon to bring trophies back—
They wanted a passport, and lost their track ;
And the snow-bearded hermit who guarded the stair,
Told them no foreigner dare enter there.

They were fain to fly back to the ancient mound,
With the coral palace beneath the green ground ;
And when they arrived, distressed and forlorn,
One blew a blast with his magical horn,

That brought the birds from the forest to sing,
And over the mountains the echoes did ring ;
Then "Sesame" did open, and all huddled in
To the golden hillock behind the whin.

But "Sesame" then locked them fast into their tomb,
Never again o'er the world to roam,
With gambols and pranks and schemes of all kinds,
To fill with delusions poor children's minds,

In that green mound they died, King Frot and his hosts,
And left the broad earth to the witches and ghosts ;
The monk, who had watched all this drama, now swore
To renounce the black art for evermore.

When I was a little child how my thoughts blundered—
 I thought mounds were mountains and one mile an hundred ;
 But I found I was wrong as the years crept on—
 My fancies like fairies took wings and were gone.

THE WHITE LILY.

THE rose is the queen of the garden and grove,
 And dearly its beauty and sweetness I love ;
 But what can for once with the lily compare—
 The graceful formed lily, so modest and fair ?

Sweet emblem of purity, spotlessly white,
 With shyly bent head on thy stem hanging light ;
 How lovely art thou 'mong the violets blueé,
 Thy gentle eyes bathed in the clear morning dew.

O ! spread thy soft leaves to the summer sun's ray ;
 Fair flower, can such beauty as thine e'er decay ?
 Thy white and green glory doth ever forth shine
 To the praise of our bountiful Maker divine.

O ! bloom, lily fair, in noon's radiant light,
 Then fold thy pale leaves when the sun sinks in night,
 And dew-drops are falling and sparkling on thee,
 When the moon spreads her silver wings over the sea !

When I'm laid in the dust, though never a stone
 Mark the spot where I slumber, unwept and unknown,
 Among the long grass that above me shall wave
 May a pure, modest lily bend over my grave.

O ! fairer than lilies pure let me be dressed,
That my spirit may walk in the groves of the blest ;
In the garden above all beauteous and fair,
For the Lily Divine of the Valley blooms there !

WILLIE MILL'S BURN.

ROLL away, you shining rill,
Offspring of a heath-clad hill,
Through the moors and mossy bogs,
Turn the mills and fill the cogs.

Roll among your sunny braes,
'Mid hazel buds and blooming slaes ;
Where the housewife's linens bleach,
By the bits of silver beach.

Roll away through moss and moor,
Where the rains in torrents pour ;
Then the crowflower's gentle bell
Floats upon your muddy swell.

Mountain thyme and heather grow,
Bending o'er your gleesome flow ;
Moorland trout, in rainbow sheen,
In your amber floods are seen.

O ! little rill with many a crook,
Twisting onward to the brook ;
Singing in your motion ever,
Making haste to join the river.

You with trailing fragments play,
Flowing on your watery way ;
To wimple, dimple, day and night,
O'er your bed of pebbles white.

Precious are you, laughing thing,
Onward still you sing and ring ;
Gushing, rushing, clear, and cold,
You are better far than gold.

You wash the braes in winter time ;
Up the banks your wavelets climb ;
Rocking, in their beds so deep,
All the finny tribes to sleep.

Charming rill, the water elves
Rest upon your tiny shelves ;
With shining scale and flashing fin,
Merrily pop they out and in.

Where clinging cresses tightly clasp
Reeds and roots within their grasp,
Are palaces of elf-kings, where
They may feast on regal fare.

Then doffing boots and spurs of gold,
When the day is getting old,
To the hidden nooks they creep,
Safe and happily to sleep.

At the dawn starts many a fin,
Leaping light in loch and linn ;
Underneath the swinging rooks,
Where their bread is in the brooks.

Dancing down the rushy glen,
Flowing on through field and fen ;
Piping to the clouds and stars,
Overleaping rocky bars.

Sighing 'mong the sand and stones,
In the meadows green it moans ;
Murmuring in silent shades,
Whistling through the forest glades.

Tumbling, rumbling, on it wheels,
Into lovers' corners reels ;
With a hearty tireless will
Onward bounds the busy rill.

Flash and flow where roses throng,
Where birds lengthen out their song ;
Pipe you time into their ears,
As you shed your crystal tears.

Leap and run and gaily dance ;
Bright the sunbeams on you glance ;
Dashing down through dale and dingle,
Till you with the salt sea mingle.

HIS HAIR WAS LIKE THE RAVEN'S WING.

HIS hair was like the raven's wing,
An' dark blue was his e'e,
When we wandered through the meadow green
To the rocks beside the sea.


It's mony a year sin' I loe'd him dear,
An' oor shadows kissed the lea,
In the wan munelicht o' that summer nicht,
When mist crept ower the sea.

Love threw her wreath around us baith,
And lilies decked the lea ;
And munelicht lay on hill and dale,
And glittered on the sea,

As we sat alane on a mossy stane,
Aneth a chesnut tree,
An' its shadow fell in the crystal well,
That mirrored thee and me.

Though absence casts its shade behind,
My heart still clings to thee ;
'Mang treasures o' my heart an' mind
Thou'rt dearest far to me !

S L E E P.

 HAIL ! gentle Sleep, from thy blissful domain,
Come, wrap in forgetfulness sorrow and pain ;
Fly with my fancy afar down life's stream,
And show me strange shadows afloat in a dream.

O ! Heaven-created mysterious Sleep,
Spread out thy downy wings, watch o'er me keep ;
Bind up my brow with thy soft, silken band,
And seal up my eyes with thy velvety hand.

Angel of Sleep ! O ! thy presence is sweet,
Fold up my feeble hands, fetter my feet ;
Fly with my fancy o'er mountain and stream,
Away with the angels to talk in a dream.


For weeping and wailing, shame, want, and woe,
Sink in oblivion where'er thou dost go ;
Though sunless and moonless the sky above be,
Bright beams of glory may shine o'er thy sea.

O ! comfort the weary, blest treasure of God,
And those on the battle-field bathed deep in blood ;
With thy soft, healing balm skim o'er sea and land,
And spread o'er the sick and the dying thy hand.

Where death would be bliss may'st thou sweet vigil keep,
O ! smooth the hard pillow—kind merciful Sleep ;
'Tis only on earth that a home thou dost know—
God bade thee not breathe in the regions of woe.

Sleep ! steal o'er my senses like soft, falling dew,
 And never more leave me my grief to renew ;
 O ! to fly with thee far from this wild, dreary land,
 To the home where, in mortal eyes, tears never stand.

THE NEW MOON OF DECEMBER.

 ! CRESCENT moon with the calm, sweet face,
 To cheer me you remember,
 Amid the host of the twinkling race,
 In this dreary, dark December.

In peeping down through the cold, crisp rime,
 You whisper, low and tender,
 Of a better land and a brighter clime,
 When up our souls we render.

What peace and love and rest are yours,
 Up in the blue sky lying ;
 There's nought to mar your joy divine—
 No sadness, tears, nor sighing.

Once angels came in a shining cloud,
 In the dark month of December ;
 At the Saviour's birth they sang aloud,
 That God did man remember.

Hail ! new moon, with the calm, sweet face,
 When December breezes blow,
 Queen of the host of the twinkling race
 Make your diamonds 'mong the snow.

THE CRUISING BARQUE.

¶ O, build me a barque of a stately mould ;
Man her with mariners stout and bold,
To dare the storms of the foamy deep,
And laugh at the waves that round her leap.

Go, paint the barque a beautiful green,
All dazzling bright as the lizard's sheen ;
With pennant fair as a maiden's smile,
And the grand old flag of the sea-girt isle.

Up, up, brave sailors, her anchor weigh,
This radiant noon of a summer day ;
Set her afloat with sails unfurled,
To skim o'er the main like a fairy world.

My merry men, we will cruise the seas,
Where the stripes and stars float on the breeze ;
They come o'er the wide Atlantic's wave
In a traffic accursed and black as the grave.

See ! the stealthy pirates come and go
To the shores where perfumed spices grow,
In balmy groves that with music ring,
Where Nature seems in eternal spring.

A wail comes across the sounding sea,
And over the plains of Barbary ;
Where the negro lived in glad content,
Sweet liberty now from his grasp is rent.

The man-hunters come and asunder tear
 The nearest and dearest to dark despair ;
 Away o'er the sea in the dismal hold,
 To sell them as slaves for the planter's gold.

Hoist up the flag for the freedom of slaves ;
 Spread wide her sails, let her bows cleave the waves ;
 We'll sweep from the ocean this traffic vile,
 And tyrants shall bow to the sea-girt isle.

BONNIE DUNBLANE.

THE oak and the hawthorn
 Bend o'er the stream
 Of the dark, winding Allan,
 At bonnie Dunblane.

There, on its green banks,
 The gray ruins stand
 Of the ancient Cathedral,
 Majestic and grand.

Amid gravestones so hoary,
 In the sunlight's white sheen,
 There each tells its story
 'Mong nettles so green.

There are rude little graves
 In gray mossy cots—
 A few set with marble
 Shewed happier lots :

All there sleeping sound,
In silence serene,
Each 'neath a green mound
At bonnie Dunblane.

In their cold beds of clay
No sorrow nor pain
Can reach them, safe hid now
At bonnie Dunblane.

When their last feeble cry
Arose to God's throne,
Their hopes of hereafter
Before them had gone.

Their last prayer said,
His mercy to gain,
Then in the grave laid
To rest at Dunblane.

All ties cut asunder,
That in friendship reposed,
On the beautiful earth
Their eyes ever closed.

Among green leafy trees
That battle the breeze,
In sunlight and moonlight
They shadow the scene,

And wave flowery branches
O'er Allan's dark stream,
That runs to the west
By bonnie Dunblane.

Spring of the Ochil hills,
Dearest of streams
To old Scotia's minstrels,
In sweet musing dreams.

Flow on, ye gentle waves,
Pipe out your mirth
Through the sweet valley
To join with the Forth :

That rushes from fountains,
Through rough, rocky mountains,
Where fearless and peerless
The young eagles scream !

O'er many a Highland grave,
Hiding the true and brave,
Far from the Allan
And bonnie Dunblane.

O'er the grand hoary ruins
May peace aye preside,
Where the silent dead slumber,
All laid side by side.

Sweet may they sleep ;
May they innocent dream
Of a happy hereafter
At bonnie Dunblane.

THE MAN IN SATIN SHOON.

A BALLAD.

H MET yestreen, on the castle green,
A man in satin shoon,
And rings that gleamed in the silver light
Of the glorious harvest moon.

He blocked the way I wished to pass,
And of my hand caught hold ;
While pearly dew shone on the grass,
His red gold made him bold.

He knelt to me, and breathed a tale
That strange to me did sound ;
While my good angel whispered leal—
“Temptation lurks around.”

And as he raved she whispered low—
“Lose not thy honest name ;
Heed not his voice, he'll bring thee woe—
A life of sin and shame.”

That dashing soldier of the line,
Beside him I could ride
Within his downy carriage fine,
But never as his bride.

“I'll deck you o'er with silk and gold,
My love, if you'll be mine ;
No lady in the town of Perth
Shall dress in clothes more fine.”

“ I am not mad to go with you
To waste my precious life,
And bring black shame on my spotless name ;
I'll be an honest wife.

So with your golden show begone,
And tempt no silly dame
To stoop so low in shame and woe,
And curse your noble name.”

“ My little lass, you cannot pass,
We shall not part so soon ;
The moon may set, but you shall wait—
I swear by my satin shoon.”

He led me through the cherry grove,
In the wan light of the moon ;
And dabbled in the dewy grass
His silken hose and shoon.

“ You need not cry, there's no one nigh
But the silent silver moon ;
O ! I do not fear that you shall fly
My lady love, so soon.

While yet they dance in the lighted hall,
And trip it round and round,
To love and joy's resistless call,
And merry music's sound,

Come to the gates where the carriage waits
To take us on to Perth ;
As swift as wind we'll leave behind
The moors and mounds of earth.

My saucy maid I'm loath by force
To bend your stubborn will ;
Be not unkind, else means I'll find
Your pretty voice to still.

For I am young and tall and strong,
With men at my command,
Who never think the work is wrong
Done by their master's hand."

But my own love was waiting me,
The trysting tree was near ;
I screamed aloud in the castle wood,
And soon he did appear.

That English lord with bronzed face,
Dark as a gipsy king,
With eagle eye and towering frame,
And hair like the raven's wing ;

These pleading tones, in tender breath,
And glibly, oily tongue,
Were fraught with dangers dark as death
To one like me so young.

What had my senses been enchained
With the magic from his eye,
Charmed like the fascinated birds
When the rattlesnake is by ?

But my true love came to break the spell
Well-nigh about me thrown ;
He made that lord quail 'neath his word,
Who cursed us and was gone.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

LOVELY lily of the valley,
Blooming white as falling snow ;
Shining in the gay, green alley,
When the summer breezes blow.

Modest, lowly, little flower,
Native of the peaceful vale,
Bending in the summer shower,
Who would not thy presence hail ?

Lovely lily, brightly glowing,
Nestling 'mong thy leaves so green ;
By a lady's arbour growing,
Fairer than her diamonds' sheen.

Lovely lily of the valley,
With thy tiny snow-white bell,
Much I prize thy gentle beauty ;
O how much I cannot tell !

Gentle lily of the valley,
Sweet companion by my way,
Tottering down life's chequered alley,
In the evening of my day.

While the night-winds sigh and murmur,
Wailing o'er the lonely heath,
Where frail man's a sad sojourner,
Making for the Vale of Death.

When through clouds the stars are peeping,
Twinkling o'er my weary way,
Soft winds through the woods are creeping,
Fanning thee in valleys gay.

Gentle lily of the valley,
Bloom when I'm beneath the sod ;
Shine each summer in thy glory,
When I'm gone to be with God.

THE EVENING STAR.


THE evening star, like sparkling gold,
Comes twinkling o'er the sea ;
In winter twilight, clear and cold,
When leafless is the tree,

The evening star shines brighter far,
More glorious than the rest—
A diamond flashing in the sky,
When the sun sets in the west.

O ! star of gold, when the night is cold,
Come through my window beam,
While my lamp of life is flickering
With a faint and feeble gleam.

O ! evening star in heaven's high arch,
Whate'er thy purpose be,
God set thee there—a gem so rare—
To glance above the sea.

MALTA'S ISLE.

 LIMB the rocks in Malta's Isle,
Hey, du, da, Willie;
Watch the heavin' billows pile,
Wi' head as white as snaw, Willie.

Rest aneth the Malta trees,
Hey, du, da, Willie;
Whaur birds are singin' on the breeze,
It sunny there maun blaw, Willie.

When the blazin' sun is gane,
Hey, du, da, Willie,
Sit ye doon upon a stane
An' sing dull care awa', Willie.

Wander in the balmy air
To the silent nooks, Willie;
Read your Bible there wi' care—
It is the best o' books, Willie.

Days an' years are creepin' on,
Hey, du, da, Willie;
The hour may come when ye'll win hame—
Happy hour till's a', Willie.

ANNA BELL.

A BALLAD.

THAT nicht upon the bonnie broom
 Bright gowden tassels hung,
 An' mist atower the young moon's face
 Was like a white veil hung.

When Henry Grahame cam' ower the stream
 To meet young Anna Bell,
 He cam' to tak' the last, fond kiss,
 An' say his last farewell.

Licht was her feet as the mountain deer,
 Her heart pure as the snaw ;
 She grasped her lover's hand and cried—
 “ O ! maun ye gae awa' ? ”

“ You see my sword an' sojer's coat,
 My dear loved Anna Bell ;
 I sail the morn wi' the Queen's gunboat—
 This is my last farewell !

O ! I maun gae to the burnin' East,
 Whaur helpless bairnies wail,
 As the bluid rins frae the mither's breast—
 That's wae, my Anna Bell !

I'll wed ye, love, when I come back ;
 To me be true an' leal,
 And for me pray baith nicht an' day,
 For God's grace winna fail.”

“O ! Henry, dear, I dreamed a dream,
It bode th us nae guid—
I saw you on the battle-field
Lie in a pool o’ bluid.

An’ owre your head a snaw-white cloud
Did float in the sky sae clear ;
And something whispered, *“Tis a shroud
For your Henry, Anna dear !”*

She leaned her head on her lover’s breast,
An’ grat till her cheeks were pale ;
“When ye are gane I’ll be sae lane
At the castle in the vale.

The sunlicht winna glint sae bricht
Amang the bloomin’ flowers ;
An’ the linties winna sing sae licht
Amid the leafy bowers.

The crystal burnie’s cheerie gleam,
Then winna flash sae clear
As when I wandered by its stream
Wi’ you, my Henry, dear.”

“O ! banish fear and waesome thoughts,
The tear dicht frae your e’e ;
I’ll come to claim you as my bride
Frae ower the braid, saut sea.

When I’m afar in a land o’ war,
In a bluid-stained land o’ wae,
It will be a charm to nerve my arm
To fight the fiendish fae.”

There was dew on Henry's yellow locks,
 As the day began to daw',
 When he took farewell o' Anna Bell,
 And kissed her tears awa'.

He joined his men on India's plain—
 At Lucknow—whaur he fell ;
 And the last prayer frae his deein' lips
 Was—"God bless Anna Bell."

Now Anna mourns her lover dead,
 An' strays wi' aimless feet ;
 A shroud will be her weddin' robe,
 Till safe in heaven they meet.

OUR END OF TIME IS COMING.

MAY the light be to man
 What the dew is to the rose,
 And what springs are in the desert,
 Where the camels find repose.
 For our end of time is coming—
 From the young not far away—
 But shadowing the agèd
 In the evening of their day.

Our end of time is coming—
 The last, dread hour of doom—
 As steady as the sun
 And as silent as the tomb.

It is coming, O ! it's coming,
To call our souls away ;
Let us lurk among life's flowers,
But not forget to pray

That it may not find us dreaming
Idly in the gloaming gray,
But where heaven's light is streaming
In many a brilliant ray.

O ! ever let us watch
In God's own truth and light,
For our foe would fain us catch,
Like a dread thief in the night.

When death brings the heavy message,
That will fledge us for our flight,
May He find us wide awake
In our garments white and bright.
O ! to dwell above in heaven,
Where streams of glory flow,
And not to wander driven
By the rivers—Pain and Woe.

When death comes to us mortals,
He will brook of no delay,
But opens wide the portals
To the unknown way,
Which Christ trod long before us,
To prepare a glorious place ;
Be his love and mercy o'er us,
While his steps we seek to trace.

THE SEA.

I LOVE to look on the glittering sea
At glorious summer noon,
When sunbeams flash on tower and tree,
And ships dance up and down
On the rippling waves that seek the caves
Where the mighty sea-tribes roam,
That sleep in beds of seaweed brown,
And sport 'mid the fretted foam.

With joy I hark to the sea-bird scream
And at the tempest mock,
As it wings its way o'er the rolling waves
To its home in the clefted rock.
I gaze with awe on the mighty sea,
And the billow's foamy crest
Lashing the rocks with angry strokes,
Then moaning in unrest.

Grand is the sea when the sun goes down
In a dreamy sky to sleep ;
Bright diamonds showering from his crown,
All sparkling in the deep.
I sailed the sea when winds and waves
Were blowing and flowing high,
When the thunders crashed and the lightnings flashed
And blazed athwart the sky.

I love the sea, the tremulous sea,
 On its waves, which ebb and flow,
 The bounding barque brings back to me
 One who left me long ago.
 Clear was his brow as the pearly dew,
 In the flash of the morning sun,
 When its golden ray gilds the streamlet's spray,
 As they through the valleys run.

I have read of a sea by a dazzling throne—
 The sea of that better land—
 Where the ransomed throng, with harp and song,
 Walk on its silvery strand.
 But I cannot speak of that heavenly sea,
 Where tempests cannot pass ;
 O ! the glory and the joy to be
 Near to that sea of glass !

O ! LASSIE, I COULD LIVE WI' THEE.

♫ ! LASSIE I could live wi' thee
 At hame, or e'en ayont the sea,
 In some green shady grove ;
 But gie to me a cottage neat,
 Wi' roses breathin' fragrance sweet,
 An' thee alane to love.

An' aften through the woods to stray,
 When fa's the simmer gloamin' gray,
 Some saft love lilt to sing ;

To sit aneth the green trees' shade,
 Wi' thee, my bonnie, winsome maid,
 In the tender time o' spring.

We'll climb life's rough and rocky hill,
 Whaur aften icy breezes chill,
 For succour cling to me ;
 The Power abune shall upward guide,
 Till, tottering down the ither side,
 We lay us doon to dee.

THE GARDENER.

NOW at God's shrine of the morning bow,
 While the lark is singing on high,
 Shoulder your scythe, your spade, and your hoe,
 And your ancient calling ply.

Mow you the lawn by the garden walks,
 Soft and smooth like velvet green,
 When diamond dew-drops hang on the grass
 In the morning sunbeam's sheen.

Trim you your flowers of the rainbow's hues,
 While the blackbird warbles free,
 And fills the hours with its music sweet,
 From its home in the walnut tree.

Dress the tender vine and tend the flowers,
 When the garden shadows bend ;
 And hail your love at the twilight hour,
 Where the mountain streamlets wend.

In a cottage neat, with a maiden sweet,
The golden hours will fly ;
As sweet and deep is the lowly's sleep
As those who have titles high.

Put your strength and shoulder to the wheel,
And hold the ploughshare fast ;
And bind faith's helmet on your brow
To bide life's bitter blast.

Though clouds cast a frown o'er fortune's face,
And misfortunes try the mind,
'Tis the lot of man, whose life's but a span,
And soon leaves the world behind.

O ! joyfully sing for health and life,
And your little children love ;
Cherish and cheer the heart of your wife,
And lead it to things above.

FATHERLESS MARY.

MY father's dead and gone, and I feel so weak and lone
Since he went down to the silent grave to rest ;
I am mourning all the day, and I sigh my time away,
For my spirit is so sad and sore oppressed.

O ! God send joy to me, like a moonbeam on the sea,
Or the glitter of the bright morning star,
That shows her shining face to the mournful, human race,
Like hope looking down from the blue skies afar.

Ye great seraphic throngs fill the universe with songs,
 For God has to men His peace and goodwill shewn,
 In that hour when Christ was born, in the stable so forlorn,
 To suffer and to die for sins, but not His own.

For Adam's fallen race, that would ne'er have found a place
 Within the golden portals of high heaven,
 If the Father's love so free had not compassed land and sea,
 And His grace to the high and low been given.

So let me not despair, for He keeps with fondest care
 The welfare and the happiness of men ;
 Let me trust the matchless love of the Majesty above,
 And there I shall meet my father once again.

THE COT BY THE MOOR.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

THOUGH prosperous my days or shaded by care,
 Though I range round the globe 'mong scenes grand and fair,
 In groves and in gardens, in climes warm and bright,
 Where the fig-tree and grape-laden vine bless the sight :

O ! I love the place best where my first breath I drew,
 Where my wants were supplied and few troubles I knew,
 And ran with my sisters in innocent glee—
 O ! bright was my sky as we danced on the lea.

The scenes of my childhood cling close to my heart,
There's nought ever severed or torn them apart ;
They were graven in my mind deeply each line and trace,
As I wended my way to the lonely old place.

I sat down and wept where I slept when a child,
Ere rude blasts had tossed me on life's dreary wild ;
I sighed as I sat on the gray mossy stone,
For the days and the years that for ever were gone.

I looked, as I listened, before and behind,
But my sigh passed by on the wail of the wind ;
'Twas madness to listen or think there to hear
The voices departed of loved ones so dear.

The birds sang as gaily, as bright the sun shone,
And the broom all in bloom by the gray, mossy stone ;
But my old friends had vanished—all, all passed away—
And their toil-worn limbs rested long in the clay.

And gone was the bourtree and straw-covered cot,
One lonely ash tree waved its boughs o'er the spot
Where I sat, when a child, with a poor, feeble tune,
And sang to the dew-drops, the stars, and the moon.

The dew-drops were tinged with sparkles so sweet ;
The moon in her glory threw beams o'er my feet ;
The stars whispered volumes of hope from the sky ;
While the winds all asleep on the mountains did lie.

How peaceful and still shone the tiny blue lake,
And the broom stood like sentinels over the brake ;
No breath stirred the leaves of the dear, old ash tree—
'Twas my throne and my gourd, there to muse I was free.

When from the arched vault, so lofty and blue,
 On the ground all around fell the diamond-like dew,
 And perfumes of wild flowers, that grew on the muir,
 Rose upward an incense—sweet-smelling and pure.

The bats plied their flight round my royal ash tree,
 While the calm moon gazed down through the haze on the lea,
 Shining pale on the mountains, but bright around me,
 And striking her wings in the tremulous sea.

What a change ! all was strange ; how lone was the spot
 Where God in his love threw a veil o'er my lot,
 Till my mind stronger grew, and more able to bear
 The sad tales of sorrow which fell on my ear.

As sparks ascend upward, so troubled's our lot,
 Soon our days pass away—in the grave we're forgot ;
 But what although changed be our earthly abode,
 When a mansion eternal was given us by God.

THE SANG O' SPRING.

I AM comin', I am comin',
 I am singin' ower the sea,
 And the merry woods are ringin'
 A welcome back to me

To spread the grassy carpet
 Upon the meadow green,
 To breathe upon the blossoms
 Yet a brierter, richer sheen.

O ! I bring ye blooms o' crimson,
An' flowers like flakes o' snaw,
To mind ye o' the angels,
When doon your saut tears fa'.

For me the gowanie's lauchin'
Upon the sunny brae,
An' the little birds are daffin'
In their nests up i' the tree.

High in the lift the laverock .
Is singin' to the sun ;
The swallows hail the e'enin',
An' the burnies bicker doon.

The busy bees are bummin'
Sae blythely an' sae free ;
The bats an' hoolets thrummin'
Their dowie sangs wi' glee.

The curlew's in her nest,
In the cliff abune the sea ;
The bonnie bride is dressed,
But a tear is in her e'e.

There's mony mithers greetin'
For loved anes far awa',
But I'm comin' noo and bringin'
A brichter day to a'.

The barque shall spread her sail,
The marriage bells shall ring,
An' there's nought that winna hail
The cheery voice o' Spring.

ADDRESS TO THE MORNING STAR.

HO ! bright Morning Star, in your silver array,
Twinkling on high at the dawn of the day,
And sailing through heavens so peaceful and still,
With your back to the moon, looking over the hill.

Ho ! bright Morning Star, your soft-hallowed sheen
Falls over the mountains and valleys so green ;
Afar over oceans and rivers and lakes
You are greeting with glory the earth as she wakes.

O ! tell me, fair star, that shinest so sweet,
With your arrows of light, have you wings to your feet ?
Do you fold them up deftly when cometh the day,
Then lay you down gently to sleep time away ?

Or tread you the road with the untiring sun,
Lighting the globe evermore as you run ?
Are you wafted on wings, or rollèd on wheels,
Ever running your race at the golden sun's heels ?

Ho ! clear Morning Star, aye glinting so fair,
Have you a heart to feel sorrow or care ?
Singer of God with the grand pedigree,
Say have you eyes to weep with like me ?

Beautiful star, like a gold lamp aye burn
High in the opal sky, serving God's turn ;
Go, bright shining one, 'mid the numberless throng,
Still skip o'er the Milky Way singing your song.

Lo ! I have heard of time you shall wane,
But the "Bright Morning Star" will fill every domain
With glory and majesty, beauty and light,
When the dawn of eternity breaks on our sight.

N E L L Y.

MY little Nelly's sharp and fair,
And bears herself so well ;
Like silken thread is the golden hair
Of my dear little Nell !

Her eyes are blue—a sparkling hue—
Her neck is like the swan's,
And she trips the street with her fairy feet
As light as a mountain fawn's.

She's cost me many a sleepless night,
And many a heavy sigh,
Prayers mixed with tears and hopes with fears,
As the weary hours passed by.

When wasting sickness took my child
And baffled human skill,
Scarce like a mortal form she lay—
So death-like and so still.

Time rolled away day after day
O'er me and my poor Nell ;
Such misery brooded on my brow
As words may never tell.

At last the cloud of sickness passed
 With all its sorrows sore,
 And to my Nelly's faded cheeks
 Health's roses came once more.

I ceaseless pray, my Nelly dear,
 For life and health to thee
 To skip about the sunny braes
 And on the gowanie lea.

There's sorrows many in the world,
 And troubles where we dwell ;
 O ! lift thine eyes beyond the skies,
 Our treasure's there, dear Nell.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

In the year 1869, while standing before an open window in the Fleshmarket Hotel Edinburgh, I was struck down by a slight flash of lightning. It passed across my forehead and through my arms from the elbows down. They thought I was killed, but I came round, although ever since I feel my arms weak, and at times a burning sensation in my brow.—E. C.]

THE thunder loud from a thick, black cloud
 Sent echoes over the sea—

It came from the north o'er the Firth of Forth,
 Darkening tower and tree.

It was winged with sorrow, and woe, and death,
 As it raved o'er the restless sea,
 And frowned on grand Edina's hills,
 That bear a charm for me.

Great God ! who dwell'st in Thy pure beam,
Thy blessèd will be done ;
Thou spak'st to me in the lightning's gleam
Of the crown that may be won.

Its burning stamp on my agèd brow
Tells me my days are few ;
Its tongue of fire bade me prepare
To bid the world adieu :

To bid farewell to its mountains grand,
And its valleys sweet and still,
Its seas and streams, its flowers and birds,
That the woods with music fill :

To rise afar to that golden clime
Where flowers may never fade ;
To hail the birds of the evergreen vale,
With their homes in the evergreen glade.

Peace cannot spring in the dry heart soil
Of the wicked and the rude ;
But it blossoms fair, and rich fruit bears
In the noble, true, and good.

The sun goes down on the eve of my day,
With ills upon ills I'm oppress'd ;
Like a weary bird I would fly away,
And be with my God at rest !

THE SPANISH ROCK.

♫ ! WILLIE, walk down by the silvery sea,
When the night-dews damp thy hair ;
There angels will sing low and sweetly to thee,
And chase away all thy care.

Over the salt waves, kissing thy feet,
While the sea-birds homeward flee—
These seraphs shall bring consolations sweet
By the shore of that distant sea.

O ! steal away 'neath some orange tree,
There whisper, unseen, a prayer,
And they there will bend their wings over thee,
All veiled in the balmy air.

Or hide in a cleft of the towering rock,
Where the mermaids comb their hair ;
There the eyes of the scornful cannot thee mock,
While breathing to God by prayer.

Aurora will glow o'er the Spanish main
To cheer and bring hope to thee ;
On thy scarlet coat fall lightly the rain,
While far from thy home and me.

God temper the air which fans thy brow,
And waves thy dark brown hair,
When dear ones around God's altar bow
For thee is their fervent prayer.

O ! my son, with the melancholy eye,
Be loving and brave and true ;
Sad cares and griefs on thy mother lie,
Adieu ! dear Willie, adieu !

MY INFANT DAY AND MY HAIR GROWN GRAY..

TIME rolled ; my infant day
It was comfortless and drear ;
And when as a child I ceased to play,
Things different did appear.

Life woke me from my childish dreams,
They fled on downy wings ;
My castles built of Fancy's beams
Fell with my fairy kings.

My morn was fair, spring blossoms rare
Bloomed bright on bush and briar ;
Love's golden gems on stalwart stems
Gleamed clear as blazing fire.

But summer clouds, once gayest crowds,
Grew darker every year ;
Life's battle fiercely round me raged,
And gave me wounds severe.

Night's troubled dreams and noonday screams
Fell fearful on my ears ;
And bloody shapes like madness rose
And filled my heart with fears !

While weeping babes to me did cling
And hung upon my breast,
I heard the storms of midnight ring,
And moan in wild unrest !

Though clothed in robes of grief and care,
Smiles mingled with my tears ;
My children drove away despair,
As they came with the years.

God gave me light in darkest night,
And comfort and relief ;
Angelic messengers he sent
To sing away my grief.

A robin by my cottage door,
Still sang his thrilling lay,
As in the gladsome time before
Death snatched my sons away—

Poor Margaret and her children three,
In the churchyard by the hill,
Where the ancient towers of Castleford
Look o'er the river Till :

And John sleeps in the Abbey ground,
Unconscious of the tears
That oft I've shed o'er his low bed
All these long heavy years.

Between the graves where now they lie
Rolls many a river wide ;
But 'twill be sweet when we all shall meet
Beyond dark Jordan's tide.

Alas ! that e'er I should have wished
 Of one whom God me gave
 That cypress bough or deep green yew
 Had shaded their early grave.

I'm bowed beneath the weight of years,
 And waiting to go home ;
 I long to fly beyond the sky,
 Where souls of children roam !

MY TRAMP TO SEE THE QUEEN.

I HEARD the warblers singing among the birken trees,
 Abergeldie's bell was flinging its peals upon the breeze ;
 The sound was wafted o'er the hills and o'er the valleys green,
 As on I went to Crathie church to see the British Queen.

Such a towering host of London lords, with diamonds dipt in light,
 And ladies trailing silken robes with jewels shining bright ;
 There in Scotland's royal tartan I saw the great John Brown,
 And the modest, Highland matrons in their Sunday mutch and
 gown.

O ! such a crowd of carriages did pass me like a train,
 With pleasure-seeking tourists—the sight my heart did pain—
 For I, foot-sore and weary, lay down upon the green,
 O ! my Sunday tramp of eighteen miles to see our British Queen

THREESCORE AND TEN.

⦿ SIT in the shade of a lilac tree,
Dreaming of days that are gone ;
The lilies and roses are nodding to me,
And warblers sing merrily on.


The sunbeams blink on my silvery hair—
Now its auburn hue has fled ;
And midges dance in the balmy air,
While clouds are creeping o'erhead.

And music's sweet strains fall soft on my ear—
Now swelling, now dying away ;
From the magical voices to me so dear,
That bless my declining day.

Though roses may blush, and fair lilies smile,
And music in torrents be gushed,
The rose has its thorn, the lilies will fade,
The strains of the singers be hushed.

I long to be free from sin's weary load,
That long my soul oppressed ;
May I through His Lamb be welcomed by God
Up to the eternal rest !

A SUNSET BEFORE A STORM.

N an April day as I walked along,
I heard the joy of the warbler's song,
And the charming murmur of a stream,
And from the rocks the sea-birds' scream.

The weary horse from the furrowed field,
With stiffening limbs all loth to yield,
Went slowly home to the welcome stall,
While the sun went down like a great red ball.

The wind blew chill o'er the distant hill—
Moaned for a moment and then was still ;
The white-washed cottages by the green wood
A-gleam in the red light of sunset stood.

The fishermen rowed their boats ashore,
As hearing already the tempest's roar ;
The gulls flew off from the sounding sea,
And huddled in hundreds on the green lea.

I looked with delight on the green fields of spring ;
In the old Abbey ruins my eye caught the ring ;
And the grave, old rooks, that roosted there,
Muttered like monks their evening prayer.

In the sun's parting ray far away I could see
A golden-haired lassie come looking for me ;
And the star of hope in my heart then glowed,
As slowly we walked to our poor abode.

MAK' MY BED, JEANIE, DEAR.

MAK' my bed, Jeanie dear, doon I would lie,
 Creep close to me as weary hours gae by ;
 Listen to the tale o' a fond mither's heart—
 The time's drawin' near, Jeanie, when we maun part.

O ! hameless an' freendless I'll leave thee behind,
 Like a tree in the desert sair tossed wi' the wind ;
 There's nae rock to scoog frae the tempest I see,
 But the God-Man o' Sorrows will aye watch ower thee.

Kaim my hair, Jeanie—it's white as the snaw—
 I ken weel I'm bit an' bit wearin' awa' ;
 Soon shall my last sun gae doon in the west,
 In the cauld, silent grave shall my weary frame rest.

Hail, blessèd hame ! whaur there's nae grief nor sin,
 When I knock at the door, Jeanie, safe I'll get in ;
 For a card o' redemption I'll bear in my hand,
 That Christ gi'es to pilgrims wha come to that land.

Dear Jeanie, O ! seek till that passport ye find,
 Like a chain o' bricht gowd it roond ye fast bind ;
 For mirk is the valley and deep is the burn
 That ane after ane wade an' never return.

Speak to me kindly, dear, I am your mither,
 And deeply we've grieved ower the fate o' yer brither ;
 Though few in this cauld warld may grieve when I dee,
 You never can ken, bairn, hoo dear you're to me.

Be guid to my cattie, Jean, when I'm nae mair,
 An' the lintie that sang till's to lichten oor care ;
 Tent oor bit yairdie, an' water my flowers,
 I'll see blooms that fade not in Eden's sweet bowers.

Say your prayers, Jeanie dear, baith nicht an' morn,
 Your young life may modesty richly adorn ;
 May virtue and truth shed their licht ower your way,
 And remember the Sabbath, God's ain blessed day.

Serve the Lord, Jeanie dear, keep your faith strang,
 Age and infirmity creep on ere lang ;
 O ! cling to religion, earth's treasures a' flee,
 Do guid to your fellows, and learn to dee !

THE BEES.

THEY build their cells deftly with exquisite art,
 And each plies his work with a right willing heart ;
 What house more ingeniously reared can you see
 Than the grand waxen halls of the fierce little bee ?

Up on the hillsides and down in the dells
 They swing in the clover and sweet heather bells ;
 And God gives them knowledge to wend back their way
 Home over woodlands and meadows of hay.

They float on the summer air o'er the blue lake,
 And fold up their wings on the furze in the brake ;
 They hide in the herbs, on the rocks by the sea,
 And gather their treasures from thistle and tree.

The gay yellow broom rich nectarine yields,
And from every wild flower that shines on the fields ;
They bask in the blossoms of each flowery tree—
Ah ! the busiest creature of earth is the bee.

What wonderful, unbroken harmony dwells
In the shades of the wax-woven walls of its cells ;
A sword of defence God gives to the bee,
And light feet to walk with, and bright eyes to see.

Hail ! sharp-stinging lords of the waxen halls,
That rifle the flowers where the sunlight falls,
And sip out the juice from the poisonous flowers,
With loads on your limbs for your honeycomb bowers.

They battle the winds with their gossamer wings,
To furnish with dainties the tables of kings ;
A pang of regret often shoots through my heart
To think man must kill them to gain by their art.

They toil on the mountain, the wood, and the lea,
May their lives be a pattern to thee and to me—
To live in contentment, the haters of strife,
And to work and be useful while God gives us life.

THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

THACK and fierce the Russians stood
Like cormorants—a gloomy cloud—
All thirsting for the British blood
That stained the hill of Alma !

The brave Sir Colin there did stand,
His Highland bonnet in his hand,
To cheer and guide his Highland band
To climb the steeps of Alma.

The Forty-Second's faithful clan
Rushed boldly forward to a man
To charge the hordes—they led the van
On the towering heights of Alma !

They marched up close 'neath many a gun,
And there they found it was no fun,
But soon they made the Russians run
From their bristling fort on Alma !

Three hearty cheers for Britain's weal
Made grizzly Russia show her heel ;
She could not stand the Scottish steel
That met her upon Alma.

How fast away their thousands flew
Before a handful tried and true,
Who Britain's fame did well renew
At the battle of the Alma.

But o'er that glory falls a shade,
For many in the Highland plaid
To sleep their last long sleep were laid
On the bloody hill of Alma !

THE MINNOW POOL.

I WAS a dreamy wandering child
And knew so little good,
My scanty garments, auburn hair
Aye drenched with wet and mud.

The heath, the furze, the water-flowers,
The bourtree and the broom,
'Mid these I spent my infant day
In poverty and gloom.

My dog and cat, my chicken brood,
My father's spotted cow,
All deeply shared my childish love—
Their memory cheers me now.

The shady trees around the yard
That blowed so bright a green,
Now only one of them remains
To show where they had been.

The turf-stack was a trusty friend
Against the northern blast;
The willow hedge and scented brier
Bloomed bright there in the past.

The crystal spring upon the brae
Now there no more is seen,
Where my dear sisters used with me
To romp upon the green.

I scarcely knew the spot where once
My father's cottage stood ;
My minnow pool with wild ducks' nests
Was now a gay green wood.

The cuckoo and the swallow swift
Their yearly visits paid
To cheer my low and lonely lot—
A little moorland maid.

The cuckoos chattered on the trees,
The swallows skimmed the lake ;
I tried to stand still as a stone,
Lest I the spell should break.

Here dwelt the linnet, lark, and rook,
The robin and the wren ;
The heron fished the loch for eels,
'Mid nests of the water hen.

'Twas there I spent my dreamy hours,
At morning, night, and noon,
And sang upon its benty banks,
Beneath the stars and moon.

O ! ne'er did Indian hunter watch
More eagerly for game
Than I did for the minnow shoals
As up the stream they came.

Barefooted on those benty banks
In summer days I trod,
In musing mood with solitude,
And dreamy thoughts of God.

I'll ne'er forget those cherished scenes—
Not till my dying day ;
Only will they with my sweet life
From memory fade away.

THE STARLING BIRD.

A STARLING sat on that little stone wall
In a robe of varied sheen,
With spots so round on his beautiful breast,
Among feathers of changing green.

It came to my lowly window sill,
And ate my crumbs of bread ;
But a cruel boy the bird did kill,
And I miss it now that it's dead.

It will sit no more on the little stone wall
That shelters my summer flowers,
Nor trill its lays 'mong the Abbey ruins,
To lighten the lonely hours.

It will speed no more on its shining wings
To the greenwoods far away,
Nor come to its nest in the Abbey wall
In the evening shadows gray.

Poor starling bird ! now for ever hushed
Is thy sweet and thrilling song ;
It will well no more from thy throbbing throat
To greet the passing throng.

THE WRECK OF THE "MAJU."

OFF THE HEBRIDES. 22D OCTOBER 1874.

THEY built a ship by the lordly Tay,
They launched her forth and she sailed away ;
Like a sea-bird free, with wings so white,
She flung from her prow the waters bright.

Fit theme was she for a gayer song,
Her plates were forged of the iron strong,
Which cunning men had wrought with a will,
Till she rose the pride of the worker's skill.

Ah ! who'd have thought when built so tight,
Staunch deck, and form so airy and light,
With a British crew so trained and brave,
She would bear them down to an ocean grave ?

With hopeful hearts they set her sails,
And swift she sped on the Pentland gales ;
But with all her strength and speeding fast,
That stormy isle she never passed !

The "Maju" was caught in a fierce, fierce gale,
When dark-winged Death, amid driving hail,
Drove her onward to her dreadful doom,
And sank her crew in one watery tomb !

Those hardy hearts to the ruthless power
Of Death bowed down in that awful hour ;
No mortal aid for them was near,
Ne'er human voice reached human ear !

On, on she drifted before the gale,
That bore away their lone death wail ;
No farewell echo found its way
Where the waves surged o'er their lifeless clay.

The pitiless breakers drove them down
To silent beds of the seaweed brown ;
There all were hushed, oh ! so sound asleep,
Yet Jesus was near on that fearful deep.

All, all is well that God commands—
Creator great of the seas and lands ;
For amid the tempest's deafening sound
His mercy still may be sought and found.

Ah ! there went down six youthful tars—
Six, good and true, from the good ship “ Mars ;”
Were their spirits welcomed safe above
To the glorious land of light and love ?

Where foxes prowl and where eagles scream
Each breathed farewell to his sweet life dream ;
'Mid the surf their souls arose to Him,
And the wild waves sang their requiem !

When death's cold hand stamp'd their mortal clay,
Souls from that scene may have soared away
Where storms come not nor the breath of strife,
To that blessèd home of unending life !

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

(WRITTEN IN WINTER.)

❖ ! IT'S winter, dreary winter now,
The flowers and leaves are dead ;
The lonesome birds are weeping all,
For ice-bound is their bread.
And to my naked hawthorn tree
The snow, a white shroud, clings ;
Hushed is the robin's minstrelsy,
And weary are his wings.

I love him for his shining breast,
And his rich, melodious lays
That rang so sweet through the busy street
In the golden autumn days.
He has left the leafless forest bough,
And the birk tree in the glen,
To brave the smoke and clangour now
Of the city homes of men.

He steals up to my window sill
To eat my crumbs of bread ;
And peeps in with his clear black eyes,
And his pretty listening head.
I would fain caress the poor wee thing,
But Robin is aye so shy—
He mounts upon his dark-brown wing
When he meets a human eye.

He will not come in to warm his feet,
Nor shelter from the storm ;
But by my cot amid snow and sleet
Is seen his pretty form.
And out amidst the driving hail,
When winter's wild winds blow,
He bravely struggles against the gale
And the fleecy flakes of snow.

Where the Robin makes his winter bed
Is more than I can tell—
He may fold his wings in some cold shed
Or beside the old church bell ;
Or creep beneath some friendly eave,
When ends the dreary day,
Or up in some ragged chimney stalk
Where the bricks have worn away.

When last he came to my lowly door
And sang his lullaby,
Grief was piercing my heart to the core,
Though tearless was my eye.
'Twas sorrow to me to hear him sing
On my little poplar tree,
When Death spread o'er my cot his wing,
And stole my son from me !

There was a time when youth and health
Sat throned upon my brow,
And the blush-rose bloomed upon my cheek—
'Tis pale and careworn now.
O ! Robin, dear, with the bright, red breast,
And strange black raven eye,
Still come to me in russet dressed,
And sing as in years gone by.

THE PEAR TREE.

I'M a wandering pilgrim, no riches have I,
With barely a shelter at sundown to lie,
But a poor lowly cot in the wild dusty town,
Where smoke dyes the sunlight a dim dusky brown.

This cot is my castle—my time-honoured hall—
Although I've no vassals to come at my call,
But the cool, fanning breezes from over the seas,
The perfumes of flowers, and the sight of the trees.

Like a well in the desert a tree meets my view—
A sweet golden treasure, where nothing else grew—
To the winds ever waving its arms to and fro,
With its green spreading leaves and blossoms like snow.

O ! bend your fair boughs 'neath the moon and the stars,
While away my mind wanders to those in the wars—
My sons often whisper to me in my dreams
From where the sharp steel like the dread lightning gleams.

O ! bask in the sunbeams and bathe in the dew,
Hail the bright noontide with skies azure blue ;
O ! wave at my window and gladden my eye,
Your glory will fade as the summer goes by.

The chill blast of autumn your green leaves shall wan,
And your golden fruit treasure you'll yield up to man ;
Though wild winter tempests strip all your boughs bare,
You shall bud forth again in the spring-time so fair.

When the lapwing returns and the skylark to sing,
And the glad, whistling ploughboy makes echo to ring,
The birds 'mong your branches my lone life shall cheer,
And bring to me thoughts of my loved one so dear.

Though dim-eyed and gray-haired and laden with care,
Hope drives off the demons of black-winged despair ;
And I hear as I sit 'neath this tree by my door
Strains of music divine from the radiant shore.

THE BEAUTIFUL CREATION OF GOD.

☉ ! BEAUTIFUL sun with the radiant light,
Treading through space in thy glorious might,
Unceasing, untired since the hour of thy birth,
Showering thy bountiful beams upon earth.

O ! beautiful clouds that the blue skies adorn
In the roseate light of the dawning morn,
All steeped in rich dyes and with liquid golds glow,
Ye sleep in the west when the sun sinketh low.

O ! beautiful-moon, so cold, calm, and pale,
Shedding your wan light o'er hill and o'er dale,
Bathing old castle ruins rugged and grey,
Watching o'er lovers as wooing they stray.

O ! beautiful stars of the drowsy night,
Twinkling above us so sweetly and bright ;
So solemn and calm are your beautiful rays,
Ye seem angel-eyes looking down on men's ways.

O ! beautiful waves of the terrible sea,
With white-crested heads rolling tameless and free ;
Ye keep roaring and moaning and never take rest,
Like the anguish-tossed spirit that beats in my breast.

Ye wandering winds that come whispering low,
O ! from whence do ye come, and where do ye go ?
Ah ! often in tempests ye rush o'er the world,
And many a ship 'neath the ocean ye've hurled.

O ! beautiful ship with the snow-white sails,
Breasting the billows and braving the gales ;
Like a castle afloat or a bird on the wing,
Hasting over the deep like a living thing.

O ! beautiful flames that in power proudly leap,
With direst destruction o'er all things ye sweep ;
Of all God's creations that wonder inspire
There's nought gives me greater amazement than fire.

O ! beautiful rivers like crystal that flow
Through valleys and meadows a-murmuring low,
Refreshing the green earth wherever ye run,
Still blessing and cheering all under the sun.

O ! beautiful trees that adorn the land,
In shape and rich hues majestic and grand,
Waving your green laden boughs in the breeze,
Sweet shelters and shades are ye, beautiful trees !

O ! beautiful flowers so dazzlingly fair,
Breathing perfumes on the soft balmy air ;
When hung with the dews of the morning ye shine
More brightly than diamond gems from the mine.

O ! beautiful grass so lovely and green,
You come with the spring in your glorious sheen,
And weave with the wilding flowers gentle and sweet,
The carpet so soft for poor wanderers' feet.

O ! beautiful heather with sweet purple bells,
Garnishing mountains where solitude dwells ;
The brow of dear Scotland is bound with a wreath
Of freedom's proud emblem—the loved Highland heath !

O ! beautiful birds of the gay, light wing,
Ye mount with the sun Heaven's praises to sing ;
And each to his mate, at the still, twilight hour,
Sings tenderly low in the deep greenwood bower.

O ! beautiful bees of the waxen hall,
Busily working whatever befall,
What order and harmony with you prevail,
Seeking sweet treasure o'er hill and o'er dale.

O ! beautiful man, so god-like and strong,
To rule thou wert born, and to combat with wrong ;
O ! thrice woe to Satan who poisoned thy peace,
And doomed to sin's sorrow the whole of our race.

O ! beautiful woman, surpassingly fair,
Soft beauty clings to thee and hides in thy hair ;
Confiding and trustful and patient thou art—
Love stronger than death ever glows in thy heart.

O ! beautiful baby with curls like gold,
The Creator breathed life in thy earthly mould ;
So sweetly it peeps from thy bright starry eye,
The God-given Spirit that never can die.

O ! beautiful graves in the churchyard ground,
Where loved ones are lying in slumber so sound ;
O ! dark voids they left in my lone aching heart—
I'll mourn o'er their fate till my spirit depart.

O ! beautiful Sabbath, thou sweet day of rest,
Thy glad sacred presence how welcome and blest ;
Thy church-going bells sound melodiously sweet,
Summoning all for God's worship to meet.

Amid all the beauties around us that lie,
Of all things created of earth or of sky,
What beauty is found now or ever shall be
For once to compare dear God-man with Thee.

O ! beautiful Jesus who died on the cross,
In thy marvellous love thou hast ransomed our loss ;
Our beautiful Shepherd—the door of the flock—
Our Well of Salvation and shadowing Rock.

WINTER MEMORIES.

HOW I've danced with delight and youth's fervid glow,
When the hills and the trees were all sheeted with snow,
And the turf by our cottage stood draped in a wreath
Or glancing like pearl in the Winter King's breath.

Then we fashioned snow figures of every device,
And slid 'mid the snow on the glorious ice ;
And we sought not our homes though the sun went down,
But glided with glee in the light of the moon.

Then the world was rapt in her silvery haze,
 And the snow all around us like diamonds did blaze;
 And the stars looked in silence down from the blue sky
 As those minutes so golden on swift wings passed by.

The grim Winter King hailed the hour I was born,
 For the summit of Catlaw was snow-capped that morn;
 I opened my eyes 'mid the elements' war,
 For he drove round our cot, drifting snow from his car.

And his furies raved loud in their death-dealing strife,
 Was't a type of the troubles God linked to my life?
 Soon, soon on earth's sorrows my dim eyes shall close,
 And I long with my Saviour in peace to repose.

The world with its glory from me fades away,
 The moon lights the eve of my sorrowful day;
 Though the sweet sun of Nature recedes from my sight,
 The great Sun of Heaven shall shine far more bright.

CATLAW HILL.

! HIGH hill of Catlaw, with bright heather bells,
 Where the bees steal the treasure to bear to their cells;
 The hail and the snowflakes sport wild in thy nooks,
 While Frost with his hoary hand binds up the brooks.

Where shepherds are wandering—tending their flocks—
 And eagles seek shelter amid thy great rocks,
 And fierce roaring torrents rush through the dark woods,
 When the breath of the western breeze raises the floods.

Old Kate Low of Catlaw—the witch of the hill—
Your poor humble cottage looked lonesome and chill ;
O ! why could you live in that desolate place,
With a title at war with the whole Christian race ?

Thou dark frowning mountain, thou'rt dear unto me,
With wonder I gazed when a child upon thee,
Towering upwards so high with thy green wood and well—
Hoar Winter's snow mantle upon thee first fell.

On thy white glist'ning summit full often I've gazed,
Strange fancies about thee my young mind amazed ;
When the stars and the moon 'neath the clouds hid their light,
Thy white shroud peered far in the darkness of night.

Thou did'st don thy snow-mantle the hour I was born,
Cold frowning on me on that chill winter morn ;
But often by thee with my sisters I've played,
And through thy green brackens and heather have strayed.

In summer, when daisies bespangled the lea,
I watched the sun's golden rays sink behind thee ;
Soft clouds floated o'er thee of many a hue,
And the evening star smiled on the clear falling dew.

The breezes that fan thee of Liberty ring,
And thy shepherds of Love's softest witchery sing ;
Dear hill of my childhood, the eagles shall soar
Afar o'er thy broad brow when I am no more.

LONG, LONG AGO.

BLESS'D was the witching twilight gray
Long, long ago ;
Soft stealing o'er the new-mown hay
In ricks in many a row.

The evening star shone brighter far
Long, long ago ;
And broad moons shot their silvery bar
Through clouds of purer snow.

When I stole out to meet my love
Long, long ago,
We wandered, whispering in the grove,
By waters wending slow.

I gazed up in his bright black eyes
Long, long ago ;
From them all draped in Love's own guise
Did killing glances go.

We hand-in-hand crossed o'er the park
Long, long ago ;
Quick running in the shadows dark
Beneath the sleeping crow.

The dew fell on the garden walks
Long, long ago,
Where lilies bending on their stalks
Made up a goodly show.

The moon shone down in brilliant rays
Long, long ago ;
And, flooding all with silver haze,
Made earth a heaven below.

That scene was fair to see, my love,
Long, long ago,
When I walked there with thee, my love,
To see thy choice flowers blow.

What then made all the world so fair,
Long, long, ago,
But that my dearest love was there
His magic round to throw ?

When this poor foolish heart of mine,
Long, long ago,
A victim stood at Cupid's shrine
All in youth's golden glow.

IN THE DEPTHS.

'T WAS sad to part with her only boy—
His father's pride and his mother's joy—
To watch his strength and his vigour fail,
And to see Death seal that face so pale.

No precious flower cut down was seen
To look more passionless and serene
Than that lowly form that grief-ful day
When the spirit fled from its house of clay.


She'll miss his boyish laugh and song
 When she hears pass by the schoolboy throng ;
 She'll miss his face at the evening prayer,
 When stars blink sweet and the moon shines fair.

She'll miss his caress and peace-pledged kiss—
 Heart-balm were they in a world like this ;
 They shall waft her thoughts above the sky
 Where her darling is, as the years go by.

But merciful time dries sorrow's tears,
 Lulls grief to rest and hushes our fears ;
 If sore with their weary weight oppressed,
 Think, mother, think how children are blessed.

It was to thy boy a glorious gain,
 For all must enter through death and pain ;
 Watch well o'er those left whom God hath given,
 Till your beloved one you meet in heaven.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

 ! HAIL ye green banks of the fair winding Clyde,
 And the proud stately vessels that down your stream glide,
 Away, far away to the bright sunny shores,
 To bring riches home to Glasgow's famed stores.

St Mungo's great city, that lies on the Clyde—
 The King of our commerce, and old Scotland's pride—
 May the sun of prosperity bright on it shine,
 And ne'er may its glory and splendour decline.

The carpenters' hammers there make such a sound,
 Their chimes of true music sweep o'er the ground,
 Away on the wind and the clouds as they ride,
 From ironclad steamers that rise by the Clyde.

No tropical trees wave over its strand,
 But weary drags scraping up gray mud and sand,
 In slow, creeping buckets, o'er magical chains,
 Like living things patiently bearing their pains.

Ye green hills of Greenock, like sentinels old,
 The rock of Dumbarton so noble and bold,
 And thy Broomielaw, Glasgow, are dear unto me,
 For my Willie sailed down through the Clyde's waters free.

Ye pure beaming stars in the silence of night,
 And thou changeful moon with the silvery light,
 May ye shower down sweet floods of your loveliest sheen
 On the banks of the Clyde, by Glasgow's old Green.

MY WINTER ROSE IS BUDDING.

MY Winter rose is budding,
 I may chance to see it bloom ;
 But what joy can it bring to me
 When my world's so full of gloom ?

The birds they do not sing so sweet,
 Moons shed a paler ray,
 Since they whom I so dearly loved
 Lay mouldering in the clay.

The shadows flit more drearily
Around my silent room,
And my spirit feels so weary
When the sun goes down in gloom.

I dreamt an angel fair came down
With roses bright and fair,
Twined in an everlasting crown
To grace my silver hair !

THE BYGONE DAYS.

ONE are the days with their balmy bliss,
And their unmeasured depths of happiness;
When I laid me down to my innocent sleep
Sweet visions around my pillow did creep.

Love with his arrows was lurking there,
In my bright world of dreams so fair ;
O ! I was not wise, I was giddy and gay,
And fell by his hand when a child at play.

When I was a maiden with fancies rare,
Building my palaces high in the air,
'Mid silver-lined clouds and whirling wind,
Dreaming no thieves my treasures could find.

But I built their walls of such pitiful trash,
Down came my palaces all with a crash ;
Once blazing bright—all in ruins lay,
Still I weep o'er the sight till this very day.

O ! what makes woman for love to pine,
And to bend so low at its fatal shrine,
With aching brow and with gasping breath,
Pierced with the arrow more keen than death ?

My lover was bold, with form so tall,
And like threads of gold did his bright locks fall ;
His milk-white brow was of lofty mould,
And he swore his love would ne'er wax cold.

When the sun did set o'er the mountains brown,
And the twinkling stars shone calmly down,
I hailed the wood with the deep blue lake,
Where my love's voice did the silence break.

How sweetly he sang I cannot tell,
While I stood mute in a love-bound spell ;
O ! why did I wake from that blessèd dream,
To sink 'mid the rapids of love's dark stream ?

My nights were joy and my mornings bliss,
And my heart a palace for happiness ;
It was light as the heart of the thrush on the tree,
I was happy as woman on earth may be.

In those golden hours soft tales we told,
That flew on the wind o'er wood and wold ;
Such blinks from heaven did lighten love's dream,
But swiftly they floated adown life's stream.

O ! my love sleeps sound 'neath the deep blue wave,
Where the mermaids for me weep o'er his grave ;
Yet dear is the memory of him to me,
As the hour we did part at the trysting tree.

DEATH AND SIN.

IT is our doom ; Death dogs the steps
 Of mankind evermore ;
 That none out of the world may pass
 But through his dark arched door.

Death, Sin, and Satan made a league—
 These were the cursed three
 That pressed so hard on God's own Son
 When nailed to the tree.

O ! there He battled for our race,
 And wrenched from Death his sting ;
 Sent Satan headlong to his den
 Deep down on broken wing !

He tossed black Sin behind his back
 Into oblivion's sea,
 That we in peace might see His face,
 And taste His favour free.

CARESTON.

! CARESTON, thou'rt dear to me
 Amid thy lofty trees,
 Where rooks and ravens dirges chant
 To every passing breeze.

O ! many a weary year has Time
 Poured out his golden sand
Since last my light feet tripped the soil
 Of thy sweet fairy land.

With trembling step and aching brow
 My dear old haunts I tread,
Where purple beach and dark green yew
 Wave sadly o'er my head.

I mark that many a tree has grown
 Stunted and old like me ;
But grief like mine they cannot feel,
 That changed my girlhood free.

An ash tree by the castle wall
 Stands with a mournful air—
A sentinel to guard the hall
 With vigilance and care.

Is it not waiting there to greet
 Some heir with noble dame,
To cheer those halls and frowning walls
 With beauty and with fame ?

The chill of change sweeps through the place,
 And with my spirit blends ;
But each old tree and mossy stone
 I hail as ancient friends.

All looks deserted—woe-begone—
 A home for bats and owls,
Where martial music wont to mix
 With voice of noble souls.

When light as any fawn I ran
Down through the shady grove
To a rosy bower in the twilight hour
To meet my own true love:

To every flower that round me grew
I bent as at a shrine ;
From roses red to violets blue
That in the shade did shine.

A streamlet there did gush along,
With song and silver sheen,
Close by the gate where he did wait,
'Neath towering trees so green.

I leave thee, dear old Careston,
Fast falling in decay ;
Thy grandeur has departed now,
Thy beauty passed away.

PRINCE CHARLIE.

ID rugged rocks where eagles soar,
Where storms and tempests rave and roar,
And often by the lonesome shore
Did wander Royal Charlie.

A price was set upon his head,
They cared not if alive or dead ;
They pressed him sorely in his need—
The hapless Royal Charlie.

O ! fate was false to him indeed,
His garments worn out to a thread ;
And oft was he in want of bread
In the haunts of wild Glengarry.

The head that should have worn a crown
In shepherd's plaid he laid him down ;
No choice had he of dressing gown,
When hunted in Glengarry.

His curtain was the tasseled broom,
His chandelier the silver moon,
That gleamed down on him through the gloom
In the depths of wild Glengarry.

The stars did twinkle o'er his head,
And snow fell on his heather bed,
And drifted o'er the lonesome glade,
And o'er the shivering Charlie.

When all his friends had from him fled,
He sought the deepest, darkest shade ;
And heard nought but the wild deer's tread
In the wilds of lone Glengarry.

O ! how his burdened heart would ache,
When beasts rushed through the tangled brake,
Or tript the ice on mountain lake,
And the frost-bound stream of Garry.

He'd bend his eyes quick to and fro
To see from whence would start the foe ;
Anon a spirit whispered low—
“ Keep courage, Royal Charlie !”

Around his head his locks did flow,
As fierce the mountain winds did blow,
That rocked the vulture and the crow
On the trees of cold Glengarry.

Unsheltered from the snow and rain
He weary wandered in the glen,
To hide in cave or boggy fen,
Or 'mong the purple heather.

O ! many a noble knight and lord
Did fall from wielding Charlie's sword—
Their blood did stain the scaffold board,
Where weeping friends did gather.

The English thirsted for his blood—
They beat the brake and ranged the wood ;
But ne'er did it bring any good,
For away slipped Royal Charlie.

A vessel from St Malo came,
And a misty morning won the game,
And quick he sped across the main
From the rocks of drear Glengarry.

The Lady Flora of the Isles,
Who cheered him with her words and smiles,
And many a weary hour beguiled,
Lamented long for Charlie.

Though Scotland he dressed all in weeds,
They loved him for his daring deeds,
And sorely mourned his bitter needs
When exiled in Glengarry.

URY VALE.

RIGHT roses bloomed in Ury vale
In years long, long gone by ;
And Carron rolled without a wail
Beneath the bright blue sky.

When dewdrops fell in Ury vale,
'Mid moonlight on the lea,
A manly swain came o'er the plain
To spend an hour with me.

He told his tale in Ury vale,
Where Carron gently flows ;
Beneath a birch tree's fragrant shade
His love he did disclose.

O ! dark Dunnottar's ruins cast
Their shadow o'er the sea,
Where fishes swim in the waters green,
So wanton, wild, and free.

Wild birds scream o'er the sounding deep,
Around their rocky home,
Where one so very dear to me
In his boyish years did roam.

He climbed the cliffs to rob their nests,
So active, lithe, and strong,
O'er waters deep where the rocks are steep,
And the wild waves sing their song.

A flag floats high o'er Ury walls,
Where summer roses sheen ;
And Carron sings o'er pebbles bright,
To greet the ocean green.

And the sun shines bright in golden crest
On the ruins old and gray ;
But he who climbed to the sea-bird's nest
Has wandered far away.

I'll see no more on Carron's shore
The love-light in his eye ;
No more I'll hear his laughter clear,
Nor songs that rose on high.

That star of light which shone so bright,
With golden rays divine,
Is set in darkest clouds of night,
No more for me to shine.

Love bends us at his burning forge,
And oft maids love too well ;
Yet who can rule the despot god
Or break his powerful spell ?

There's brighter days and flowery ways
In the paradise above,
Where no more fears nor scalding tears
Can mar our songs of love.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

THIS is the royal wedding day,
And many a Highland pipe will play
To welcome Scotia's princess home
Among her heather hills to roam.

Around Loch Lomond and Loch Fyne—
Though not so fruitful as the Rhine—
There's glory in our silver rills,
And freedom treads on Scotland's hills.

Let English frown and Germans fret,
And run us down for her we get ;
We're only greeting back our own,
For Scotland heired the English throne.

There's loyal hearts in Scottish swains,
And Scotch blood in Louise's veins ;
May sons and daughters on her smile,
To cheer the Princess of Argyle.

O ! bless her with her husband's love,
All sorrow from her far remove ;
And may the Marquis bless the hour
He brought her to his Highland bower.

And may their days as pleasant be
As sunlight on a summer sea ;
The Star of Love aye shining bright
To guide them in the path of light.

AMONG FLOWERS WHICH NEVER GREW.

A VISIT TO A MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.

HERE'S a flowery bower in a fairy land,
You could scarce imagine a scene so grand,
Where the elves and fairies whisk out and in,
To hang up their hats on a coral pin.

They shake their ringlets and off they run,
Where their gold and silver threads are spun,
For corals, and pearls, and rubies red,
To string them together with golden thread.

They appeared to me, by all that's good,
Like feathery trees in a flowery wood—
Those fantastic flowers which never grew,
That nestled on bonnets of every hue ;

As if clouds of roses and showers of gems
Had dropped from the sky on their golden stems ;
While frosted wreaths, like silver and cream,
All glanced like stars in a fairy dream.

Blazing mock brilliants, and coral, and pearl,
With trinkets to bright the brow of an earl ;
To deck a duchess or grace a queen,
Streaming in scarlet, and yellow, and green.

Enchanted bonnets of every hue,
Ablazing with beads, like the drops of dew
That sparkle and gleam on the fairy flowers—
Fit to crown the queen of the elfin bowers.

With tassels and ribbons as broad as a span,
And needlework done on the finest of lawn ;
Such wonderful things can people devise
To tickle folks' fancies and dazzle their eyes.

THE SPRING ON THE SEA BEACH.

❖ ! WHAT did we see on the salt sea beach
But a fine, fresh-water spring ?
An elfin well with a witching spell,
And the joy of a living thing.

Snow-white pebbles lay scattered round
That sacred spring on the beach ;
And wave-washed ocean shells we found
Within the ripple's reach.

And we heard the song of a silver rill
Wending its way through the lea ;
And the bleating of lambs on a distant hill,
Roaming so wild and free.

We heard the sound of the solemn bell
Wafting over the sea ;
O ! I cannot tell how its sacred knell
Brings joy and sorrow to me.


The wild rose is queen of the valley green ;
The wild lilies laugh on the lea ;
O ! was it the flash of an angel's wing
That rippled the deep blue sea ?

Jean, come to our home by the ruins old,
 With the great old Abbey ring,
 Where birds in winter hide from the cold,
 And in summer softly sing.

Jean, look at the cloud as it skims the sky,
 Lined with a heavenly hue ;
 Does it veil the angels passing by
 On their way to me and you ?

O ! Jean, dear Jean, we'll change and go there,
 And see the Ancient of Days ;
 And dwell with the saints and the angels fair,
 And learn their holy ways.

THE RAVEN AT MY WINDOW.

ROAK ! Raven, croak ! on the wing as you fly,
 You are dark as my destiny, guest of the sky,
 And black as the harpies that raved in the East,
 When killing the infants that hung on the breast.

Croak ! Raven, croak ! on your black shining wing,
 From your haunts in the greenwoods what ill do you bring ?
 When you croak at my window it makes my heart chill—
 Dread picture of darkness, you mind me of ill.

Yet, harmless creature, the ill's not in you,
 'Tis in my own nature with sin blasted through ;
 I bless God who made you, all black as you are,
 For you mind me of Satan abroad in his car.

And swifter than Jehu's its wheels do ascend,
While the careless and proud in homage low bend ;
They see not the scorn that's wreathed in the smile
Of the merciless tyrant whose snares them beguile.

Croak ! Raven, croak ! in your high swinging nest,
No dread of hereafter e'er troubles your rest ;
May I with heaven's hope in His mercy rejoice,
And praise my Creator with heart and with voice.

WHEN I WAS A SHEPHERDESS.

MY heart bleeds for the poor exiles,
Who, banished from their native isles,
With branded name in fetters mourn,
Without a hope of joy's return.

My banishment was to the hill,
With no stain on my name to chill ;
Nor any crime did me annoy
To dim my rising star of joy.

When I was nothing but a child
I climbed the steep and dreary wild ;
With trusty " Rollin"—my good dog—
We wandered through the creeping fog.

To gather sheep upon the hill—
The very thought my blood would chill ;
Well as I love those mountains all,
Then their romance for me was small.

To rise up from my lowly bed,
With unkempt hair upon my head,
With naked feet and heels hacked deep,
My dog and I climbed up the steep.

Before the sun's first flash was seen
Upon the top of old Mount Keen,
My thrilling songs in melting strains
Far echoed down the lonely glens.

Where cows and sheep did graze abroad
I pulled the heather by the load ;
And blythely sang in moor and bog,
Or chatted to my faithful dog.

In grief I oft looked down the glen,
With wood, and lea, and mossy fen ;
And dwarfish rigs of corn land
O'errun with rock and mountain sand.

The tumbling Esk rushed through the vale,
The mountains echoed back his wail ;
There nothing bore a charm for me
But the faithful blink of Rollin's e'e.

For solitude did drive his car
From o'er the gloomy Loch-na-gar ;
Around Mount Battock, hark ! it whirrs !
And o'er the ancient mount of firs.

O'er Mount Capel and Mount Keen
Like a giant it did sheen ;
Towering up against the sky,
As the evening sun passed by.

Wilds of heather, roaming rills,
With scarce a road across the hills ;
The glorious Grampian mountain chain
Did wing my very sight with pain.

When Winter came with frosty locks
To bind the brooks and deck the rocks
With icicles, all glancing clear,
When o'er the hills the moon would peer.

With Nature Winter wild at war,
Driving in his stormy car ;
Drifting wreaths o'er mountain cairns,
Sowing snowflakes o'er the ferns.

In summer, when the thunders boom,
All was shadowed deep in gloom ;
Summer, winter, noon, and night,
They were to me a dreary sight.

Yet they are Scotland's glorious hills,
With woods, and wells, and rocky rills ;
With ice-bound brook and snow-clad road,
All draped o'er by the hand of God !

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL my dear Mary, adieu, love, to thee,
I'm bound for a voyage o'er the treacherous sea ;
E're the first beam of morn come to herald the day
The "Witch of the Wave" will be drifting away.

From ship-crowded London, on dead, drumly Thames,
From the land where the exile a refuge aye claims ;
And all that is precious and dear unto me
I leave in old England when I go to sea.

My Mary, who with me once walked through the stile
To the old village church in the dear sea-girt isle ;
And stood at the altar my fair blooming bride,
In white flowing garments—my joy and my pride !

The marriage ring gleamed on your lily-like hand,
As the good pastor bound the Hymeneal band,
That joined us as one till death brake the seal ;
And the village bells rang forth their merriest peal.

To the blest benediction and prayers upward sent
Our heads with solemnity lowly were bent—
In health or in sickness, in weal or in woe,
Kind Heaven, let love in our hearts ever flow.

On time's tireless wheel seven years have gone by,
Yet no cloud of sorrow has darkened our sky ;
As bright as the lily that blooms on the lea,
The Star of Love shines on my Mary and me.

O ! Mary, my darling, be faithful and true,
And pray for me far on the broad ocean blue ;
I'll search for bright gold and jewels so rare,
And gems from Golconda to shine in your hair.

These rosy-cheeked cherubs who climb on my knee
Are the jewels our Father has lent unto me ;
Aye while their debt's paid with the soft, loving kiss,
Our home will remain an abode of true bliss.

For the sake of those gems beyond earthly price,
Who make our dear home like a paradise,
I'll cross o'er the seas with my brave, merry crew,
And bring them bright gold from the land of Peru.

Then weigh up her anchor, we'll hail the stream tide,
Like a sea-king on wings o'er the waters she'll glide ;
Give her full sail till they screech in the gale,
She'll brave the proud wave when the storm furies wail !

Up, up with her colours to float on the breeze,
And the "Witch of the Wave" shall bound o'er the seas ;
Round stormy Cape Horn and over the line,
Where straight overhead down the burning rays shine.

All hail ! towering cliffs with the white coral caves,
Where shoals of strange creatures sport under the waves ;
And bright pearls gleam in the silvery sands,
Where the digger finds gold in the Southern lands.

I'll range o'er the ocean all fearless and bold,
As mariners did in the good days of old ;
And dare every danger of death and of strife,
For those who are dearer to me than my life.

Their smiles are more sweet than the sunny morn,
When the clear dewdrops glance on the waving corn ;
Or the stars that shine in the cloudless skies,
As pure as the depths of their bright blue eyes.

My canvas I'll spread to the fresh, rising gales,
Where Neptune is casting his watery spells ;
Our rampart—a plank—yet God can us keep
All safe on the perilous, fathomless deep !

Like a fallen leaf whirled about o'er the lea,
And tossed as the toy of the wild, foamy sea ;
Let cravens despair, I'll bend not my form,
But toil like a man through the dark, raging storm !

But oh ! could the sorrowful tale e'er be told,
That the love of my dear ones had waxen cold,
Before I could know, and the sad changes mourn,
May I sleep in the deep and never return !

O ! great King of kings, who never hail'st sleep,
Who mark'st all their sighs when sorrowful weep,
Shower grace on their hearts and keep them with care—
O ! that is a husband and father's prayer.

When I've sailed o'er the seas with the coral caves,
Where pearls are gleaming in drowned ones' graves,
I shall bid farewell to the silvery sands,
And the glorious birds of the tropical lands.

I'll steer on my barque to my own native shore,
And hail the dear home that I love once more ;
And press my sweet babes to my beating heart,
And never more leave them till death shall us part.

But what if my barque with some tempest be torn,
And down 'neath the ocean with her I am borne ?
There rocked sound asleep in the deep blue sea,
With the dark sea-weed twisted over me !

O ! my dear Mary, if fate should decree
That you and my babes I may never more see ;
That the wild waves should serve for my winding sheet,
On a happier shore we soon all shall meet—

Far above the sea and the darksome tomb,
Where bright seraphs sing and blest children roam ;
Ah ! there never was heard a moan nor a sigh
By that " Sea of glass," near the Throne on high.

THE POWER OF NATURE.

THESE magic in a name, Jessie, say what you will,
And there's music in the stream that wimples down the hill ;
There's beauty in the lily God clothes upon the lea,
And mellow music in the thrush that warbles on the tree.

There's glory in the moon in her full-unclouded beam,
And magic in a vision that floats into a dream ;
There's magic in a young man's voice a-whispering in the grove
Unto the maiden of his choice the golden tale of love.

There's glory in the sunbeams that bless the golden day,
And beauty bright in friendship to cheer us on our way ;
There's a Star that shineth brighter than sunlight on the sea,
Through thickest clouds and darkness, to guide home you and me.

AUTUMN.

THE chill winds of Autumn had blighted the bloom
On the hawthorn hedges and gay, yellow broom ;
It breathed on the green trees, and tinged their leaves brown,
When gay, waving cornfields golden had grown

Beneath the bright beams of the mellowing sun,
And the sweet, silver rays of September's broad moon.
From briar and from thorn ripe berries did hang,
To garnish the hedges where red linnets sang.

The broom buckled black pods on shoulder and thigh,
And pointed its fingers up to the blue sky ;
While fallen leaves floated away on the brook,
Oft lingering long in the willowy nook.

Sweet sunbeams like angels stole down from the sky,
To smile on the summer flowers laid down to die ;
They shimmered in bowers where the robins did sing,
And made with their brief thrilling notes the woods ring.

Though the woodlands had lost their gay summer light,
On the brown breezy hill the heather bloomed bright ;
And bees were so busy as they swung on its bells,
Extracting and bearing its sweets to their cells.

From the heather that shone like a broad, purple sea,
And covered the glade by the gay, greenwood tree ;
O ! gloriously bright was its free, waving bloom,
And heavy the air with its sweet, rich perfume.

Round the rocks by the shore deep sounded the sea,
Where on weary like wings the sea-birds did flee ;
With black, glossy plume the silent rooks sailed
To the ever green firs where the night breezes wailed.

While chilly nor'-westers blew whistling by,
The reapers with vigour the keen scythe did ply ;
With sweat on their brows and their cheeks healthy brown,
They bound up the sheaves till the sun's going down.

The gloaming now stole o'er the brown woods and me,
And the evening star shone o'er the billowy sea ;
And the moon sailed out, all silent and pale,
And lighted my feet o'er the hill and the vale.

THE PROMISED DAY.

MY eyes have lost their lustre,
My voice its silvery tone,
My steady hands are shaking now,
And weak and withered grown.

My hardy feet that walked so far
Now totter on the way ;
In summer sun and winter snow,
I've lived God's promised day—

Shed all its tears of sorrow,
And sighed out all its woe ;
The ills that every morrow
Greet wanderers here below.

God lead me to the River
With the sacred crimson flow,
And wash my head, my hands, and feet
Far whiter than the snow.

Then lead me through the pearly gates,
And up the golden street,
To thy loved home where rest awaits
The pilgrim's weary feet.

A MOTHERLESS BABE.

§ HE prayed for a daughter, that loving young wife,
God gave one, but let her not guard it through life,
For death called her away to the unknown land
From her babe, who was left in the stranger's hand.

'Tis long since her darling—her heart's dearest gem—
Was safe with the angels, rejoicing with them ;
Yet I'll never forget how I nursed the poor child
With the soft, mournful eyes, so gentle and mild.

Alas ! tiny babe, it was deep woe to me
To think of my own child and give love to thee ;
I could not at first, as thou lay'st in thy cot—
Its gay, costly drapery mocked thy sad lot.

Though in needlework fine and rich lace thou wert dressed,
With a shiver I pressed thee to this loving breast ;
Ah ! many a dark clouded vision was mine,
And in silence I oft for my infant did pine.

But around my affections soon fibres did run,
From the soft cords of love by the angels spun ;
They linked us in love, and new life did impart,
That fillèd the void in my lone, aching heart.

I soothed her and fed her and hushed her to rest,
And pillowed her dear little head on my breast ;
I prayed to Our Father to shield her from harm,
And she calmed all my mind like a musical charm.

I rocked her and carried her all the day long,
Oft wearily bearing her back through the throng
To the home of her father so shrouded in gloom,
For the light of his life lay hid in the tomb.

Her father gazed on her with full brimming eye,
And thought of her mother who looked from the sky ;
Of her strong yearning love and her leaving the life
Of this weary world and its unceasing strife.

It did not avail her though rolling in wealth,
While on my babe's cheeks bloomed the roses of health ;
And it crowed in its glee, dancing hearty and hale,
While this infant's face was wan, wasted, and pale.

It pained me to look on her thin, sickly face,
When I lifted her poor feeble head from its place ;
And pity arose in my heart from its bed,
As I thought of her mother now laid with the dead.

I nursed well the babe with attention so deep,
It pierced my heart keenly the hearing her weep ;
If her mother watched over her down from the sky,
Sure 'twas seldom she heard her poor darling cry.

She grew like a snowdrop by life's thorny way,
But in the strong sunlight she withered away ;
The good angels bore her away to her rest,
With Him who on earth little children bless'd.

A PEEP AT THE SEA IN THE GLOAMING.

§RIM Winter is making a slow, slow retreat,
And down from the gray clouds fall cold rain and sleet ;
And dark shrouds of smoke from the city rise high,
Their weird changing forms slowly creep o'er the sky.

On a cliff I stand gazing and gazing again
O'er the wooly waves writhing like giants in pain ;
The lark has gone home to his soft, dewy nest,
E'er the last glow of sunset has died in the west.

What wonderful melodies rise from the sea,
From her many stringed harp of the marvellous key ;
Now bursting and swelling, now dying away,
Like the low summer winds at the close of the day.

'Mong the cliffs oft I wander with tears in my eyes,
And listen to whispers from ocean that rise ;
For dear ones from me were borne far o'er the main,
Whom never on earth I may welcome again.

With tear-bedimmed eye I gaze o'er the sea—
That great waste of waters between them and me ;
And the rocks by the shore are my lonely resort,
But the winds and the waves bring me back no report.

When the round silver moon on the wooly wave gleams,
And night-birds are abroad with their doleful-like screams,
I gaze o'er the ocean 'neath numberless stars,
And pray with devotion for those in the wars.

Roll on, restless ocean, fair stars ever shine,
 To the end I must mourn, but I will not repine ;
 For God feeds the fishes and fowls of the wood,
 And marks out man's destiny—God's ways are good !

FIRST LOVE.

LOVE is the only pilot sure
 To weather life's rough wave ;
 When breakers whelm, He guides the helm,
 Like a seaman true and brave.

When first I came with laurels gay
 My idol dear to crown,
 I drank love's wine, and at his shrine
 So pure I bowed me down.

Ye were as bright and fair to the sight
 As is the sunbeams' sheen ;
 O ! glorious laurels of first love,
 Your leaves are ever green.

Love's magic power flashed from his eye,
 And o'er me threw its spell
 At his soft tale when he and I
 At eve sat in the dell.

* * * *

His tale was false, and filled with care
 My heart, once gay and free ;
 But that sweet voice and face so fair .
 Shall aye be dear to me.

THE GRAVES OF MY SONS.

MY fair, my first-born son, how soon
Thy mortal race was run ;
For thou wert sleeping in thy tomb
Ere shone thy noonday sun,

Among the ivied Abbey ruins,
Beneath a chesnut tree,
Where shadows of the starling bird
Oft swiftly o'er it flee.

How I have prayed I might forget
That a second son I bore ;
For Death, with swift and gory hand,
Him from my bosom tore !

No wife nor child weep o'er his grave,
Few mourn for him but me,
In Nellfield ground where he sleeps sound,
By the green banks of the Dee.

No green trees wave o'er Willie's grave,
No cypress, pine, nor yew ;
It lies alone without a stone,
Beneath the sky so blue.

O ! Nellfield churchyard, lone and still,
I often think of thee,
Where daisies nod o'er the grassy sod,
On that grave by the flowing Dee.

My third son never smiled on me—
Death took him from the womb ;
They rolled him in his winding sheet,
And laid him in the tomb.

When the winter sun set in the west,
And dark clouds draped the sky,
They bore him away to his long, long home,
'Mong the sacred dead to lie.

My fourth son was a cherub fair,
As ever saw the sun ;
He flew away to heaven to wear
His early crown, Christ-won.

When I scanned the sky that morn in May,
Death's shadows o'er it fell ;
Dark was the chaos in my heart,
Such as I may not tell !

My mother-heart clung close to him,
But he would not with me stay ;
He drooped, and closed his eyes in death,
And was cradled in the clay.

In the Magdalen Yard, by the Queen's highway,
Where South Esk joins the sea,
At old Montrose, where the salt sea flows,
And ebbs so wild and free :

There he sleeps amongst his father's kin,
In the sunshine and the dew,
'Neath that green mound with the daisies round,
And Scotland's bells so blue.

O'er my sons' graves the mounting larks
 Sing in the glorious sky,
 To draw my mind to the radiant clime,
 Where tears dim not the eye.

THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

! TREMULOUS shadows, waved over the wall,
 When the morning sunbeams shine,
 Ye lie on it there, like the shadows of care,
 That darken this heart of mine.

Ah ! fleeting shadows, that come at the call
 Of the sun to my sweet little cot,
 The far dearer *shadows* now dim not its wall—
 They are gone, but they are not forgot.

Though sorrows and pains throw their shadowy blight
 On me as years wearily roll,
 O ! merciful Father, dim not the light
 Thou shed'st from above on my soul.

O ! soon may I rise to that heavenly home
 Where darkness and night are unknown ;
 On whose golden walls no shadows e'er come,
 For the Lamb is the light there alone.

THE WINTER CLOUDS.

AS I went to the well on a cold winter morn,
Many strangely-shaped clouds the East did adorn—
Some like soft, carded wool, so fleecy and white,
And some to the young sun blushed ruddy and light.

I know not to tell of their rich, varied hues,
As they floated on high 'mid the chill, frosty dews,
All wreathed so divinely in silver and gray,
Or flashing with glory that clear winter day.

A long misty cloud, like a mountain blue,
Slowly its form o'er the green valley drew ;
And calmly inviting and fair did it lie,
Like a highway for mortals to walk to the sky,

To the bright promised mansions beyond sea and cloud,
Where errors nor terrors dare never intrude ;
Like legions of seraphs the sunbeams did shine,
Pointing upward the way to that land divine.

On that calm mountain cloud, by tempest undriven,
A temple rose towering between earth and heaven ;
On its white, rounded pillars, like pure marble stone,
All flowered o'er with hoar-frost the sweet sunlight shone.

I cannot conceive in my swift, spinning brain
E'en one proper line for my lingering pen,
To tell of a gloomy and ominous cloud,
That came to envelope the whole in its shroud.

I gazed on the scene in a marvelling mood,
 Forgetting the while that on earth I still stood,
 Watching the sky with its shadow and gleam,
 My mind all enwrapt in a wild, waking dream.

The bell of the village, clear sounding and deep,
 By my old water pail soon awoke me to weep ;
 A few bitter drops from my faint eyes did flow,
 And mixed with the ice and the hard crusted snow.

On me fell the fear of my Maker and God,
 Who tinges the clouds in the aerial abode ;
 He lets down their rains, guides their snows to the plain,
 And sends forth His thunders to rave o'er the main.

Though the blackest of clouds obscure oft the sky,
 And threaten with deluge the earth ere they fly,
 He looks on His rainbow again and again,
 And remembers the promise He gave unto men.

H O G M A N A Y .

MARK ! the wind so wild and drear !
 Never mind it though you hear ;
 Rosy maids make no delay,
 Sweep the house for Hogmanay.

Holly bring—for kissing free—
 Fairies dress the fairy tree ;
 Bring the best of fairy land,
 Trick the tree with lavish hand.


Load the board with wholesome cheer—
 Time brings round another year ;
 Dark December, on its way,
 Pipes a parting roundelay !

Homes there are where orphans weep,
 And widows dream, in weary sleep,
 Of their dear ones in a grave,
 Underneath the stormy wave !

Over each departing year
 December winds chant requiems drear ;
 But young January sings
 Of the blythe new year he brings.

Years will come and years will go,
 Till in dust we all lie low ;
 Soon the last year's great last day
 In smoke and flame will pass away !

EDINBURGH.

 ! dear to me is Edinburgh,
 Where the lordly Forth rolls by,
 Across the land like a silver band,
 When the sunbeams on it lie.

O ! dear to me is Edinburgh,
 With its spires and church-bells call,
 And its million lights o' winter nights
 Sweet twinkling over all.

There's a halo o'er its rocks and crags,
 Its groves and hills so green ;
 Round Holyrood—the ancient home
 Of Mary, Scotland's Queen.

Each tower and tree bear a charm for me,
 Quaint nook and turret old ;
 And poets mute in the garden free,
 I prize them more than gold.

Oft sadly I've seen Edina fair
 Receding from my sight,
 While for the North I crossed the Forth,
 As the gloaming hailed the night.

I thought that each time would be my last
 To see old Scotia's pride—
 The city great which has won the praise
 Of strangers far and wide.

The sun will shine on the noble town,
 And the mists on its meadows creep,
 When I am at rest in the land o' the leal,
 In my long and dreamless sleep.

MARY LEE.

A BALLAD.

❦ ! WHATNA lanesome lass is yon,
 Wha wanders by the sea,
 Wi' wavin' hair an' face sae pale ?
 Ah ! 'tis young Mary Lee.

Oot-ower the distant ocean,
Day after day she gazed ;
An' to the waves she tells this tale
(Puir thing, her mind is crazed) :

“ O ! come, my dearest Edwin,
Atower the broad, blue sea ;
Come to your lonely Mary
Afore o' wae she dee !

Be kind to him, big billows,
An' ye saft, blawin' gales,
Bring back my lover to my breast,
Fill wi' your breath his sails.

Ah ! naething meets my tearfu' een,
As I gaze across the sea,
But the clouds ower the horizon ;
Dear Edwin, whaur are ye ?

Bend bravely to your sweepin' oar,
Row bravely towards the land ;
Whaur foamy breakers dash an' roar,
For you I waitin' stand.

I hail the shore at early morn,
When half the warld's asleep ;
Or e'er the sun arise an' spread
His splendour ower the deep.

An' there at radiant simmer noon
I pray an' wait for you ;
An' in the mirky, starless nichts,
When angry tempests brew.”

Ah ! Mary, hear that murmur dread,
 Sair micht it gar ye greet—
 An angel's voice abune the waves,
 In music low and sweet.

It whispers—" Mourn, puir Mary,
 Thy Edwin's lost at sea ;
 The wild waves rush around his head,
 And dim his ance bricht e'e !

Cauld, cauld an' still the lovin' heart,
 That beat sae true to thee ;
 An' stark an' stiff the brawny arm
 That battled wi' the sea !

Greet sair and wear the willow,
 For warldly joys hae fled ;
 An' weet wi' tears the pillow
 O' thy lane, widowed bed.

O ! Mary, in thy mournin' weeds,
 To Heaven lowly bend ;
 There's ane can gie thee sympathy,
 An' peace an' comfort send.

Noo, high abune the billows
 O' the ever hungry sea,
 'Mang brooks wi' gowden willows,
 His Spirit waits for thee."
 * * * *

Soon, soon shall a' her sorrows cease,
 The tear-drops leave her e'e ;
 And in the auld Kirkyaird in peace
 Shall rest puir Mary Lee !

THE HARVEST HOME.

WHEN young I was a happy girl,
And had a voice to sing ;
I smoothed my hair in silken curl,
And made the greenwood ring.

No withering care came to my share,
O ! joyous was my song,
When with my 'prentice lad I danced
My comrades gay among.

From morn till night my heart was light,
And joyous as the sun,
Till Cupid's spell upon it fell,
Then streams of woe did run.

God gives the gift of light and love,
To win an honoured name ;
Then with that might and blessed right
Why wear a face of shame ?

'Cause woman's made, I know not how,
With heart so simple, soft, and true ;
She bends low at love's golden shrine,
Though soon (too soon !) to rue !

And flying round her, love and health
Make life a happy dream,
Till treachery comes nigh by stealth
To poison life's pure stream.

Hence tears and cries and double sighs,
Poor maids alone can claim ;
And voices break from every side,
All burdensome with blame.

That lovely night rich floods of light
Streamed from the harvest moon ;
She sweetly smiled on Autumn mild,
All draped in burnished brown.

And stars like golden lamps did sheen
On heaven's curtain blue ;
No rainbow-tinted clouds were seen,
But silent fell the dew.

Life lightly leapt in my hopeful heart,
With a joy no tongue can tell ;
Just think of Eve in Paradise
The night before she fell.

Till Cupid bent his random bow,
And made his arrows fly,
Then the golden fort on the fairy knowe
Did soon in ruins lie.

For in my path an angel dark
Stood in the clear moonlight,
Me to enshroud, in a clammy cloud,
A life-long bitter blight.

A gallant gay, with golden locks,
And eyes of sparkling blue,
Whose glances fell with a witching spell
In the moonlight and the dew.

A flattering tale of love he told,
As the calm, clear moon did sheen
On the dewy leaves of the ancient trees,
Upon the castle green.

He said with silk and gems and gold
He'd deck me for his bride ;
And frowned with scornful looks and cold
At the 'prentice by my side.

We lightly tript in the merry dance,
All giddy whirling round ;
While music did the mind entrance
With its wanton, witching sound.

Time galloped on, and the broad moon shone,
And joy was on the wing,
To take her flight with the morning light,
Away like a ghostly thing.

The harvest ball in the castle hall,
Like all things, had a close ;
And sober duty brought us back
When the morning sun arose.

O ! that gallant bold, with hair like gold,
Who stole my heart away,
Did not return, and I did mourn
In many an after day.

O ! why did that man cross my way,
To break my calm, sweet joy,
To blight the hopes that blessed my day
With my dear 'prentice boy ?


With jealous scorn, that autumn morn
 He made me blush for shame ;
 My 'prentice said—"No fickle maid
 Shall brand my honest name !"

He kissed my brow so tenderly,
 And wept his last adieu ;
 And we walked no more as we did before,
 In the moonlight 'mid the dew.

No more he came at the trysting hour
 To the tree by the castle wall ;
 A true heart lost was the dear-bought cost
 Of flirting at the ball !

A DEAD CHILD.

"She is not dead."

 LAS for me, how can it be !
 Is it the weird I have to dree,
 That those whom love locked in my heart
 Should aye so soon from me depart ?

One flew away like a frightened dove—
 O ! would ye know me now, my love ?
 Dear one, ye knew my soothing hand
 Before ye joined the Angel-band.

I know not what your likeness be,
 Ye're Heaven's child now—enough for me ;
 But, dear one, will ye know my hand
 When at the gate I knocking stand ?

Or will the listening angels know,
 And seek ye out, and whisper low—
 “ Your mother—washed from every sin—
 Is at the gate—go, bring her in ?

For God has changed her body vile—
 And blessed her with a saintly smile—
 And Christ has now given her a call
 To be with Him, and with us all.”

OSSIAN'S GRAVE.

 WANDERED far 'mong Scotland's hills one glorious summer
 day,

Around were rocks and mountain rills where lonely shepherds stray ;
 Their dogs crouch down around their feet among the heather bells,
 Where solitude the vision meets with dread-inspiring spells.

The wind blew through a woody creek, clouds raked across the sky,
 Their dark'ning shadows slowly crept upon Ben Ledi high—
 Where ancient Druids victims slew in human sacrifice,
 While mothers moaned and fathers stood with salt tears in their eyes.

Beside the grave of Ossian lies an awesome rocking-stone,
 From which rose oft-times to the skies the human victims' moan ;
 They wail upon the Grampian hills, they weep on Almond's wave,
 Their spirits wander in the glen by Ossian's lonely grave !

So far from sacred cemetery and Christian burial ground,
 Remote from men in that lone glen lies that low, sacred mound ;
 No holy cross nor monument upon his grave are seen,
 No yew trees shade his lonesome bed nor cypress waving green.

What was my wonder there to find beside that mountain road,
 No curious hand by rude command had dared to break the sod—
 Great Ossian's grave by Almond's wave—how sacred his abode—
 It homage claims as something grand and guarded well by God !

THE DEATH OF WILLIE, MY SECOND SON.

[On the 20th April 1866, my son, William Campbell, was killed at Aberdeen, in the 35th year of his age. It was caused by a hair-teasing machine insufficiently covered, at which he was employed. They telegraphed for me to come to identify his corpse, which had been removed to the dead-house. There was a fearful wound in his brow over the left eye, and all his body was terribly mangled. Filled with deep and bitter grief for the sad fate of my poor son, I wrote this piece.—E.C.]

THE balm of human kindness from his master's lips did flow,
 And his mistress like a mother did alleviate my woe ;
 The blooming servant-maiden in pity shed her tears,
 To smooth down my dread sorrow—they whispered in mine ears.

The bless'd sun veiled his brightness, the clouds their radiant hue,
 The moon trailed bloody shadows across the azure blue ;
 The planets paled their lustre, and hid in darkness deep,
 When sudden death in silence hushed my dear son asleep !

O ! were God's angels waiting to bear him on their wings
Beyond the reach of sorrow to the land of glorious things ?
This is my heart's deep sadness, because I cannot know
That God in mercy saved him from everlasting woe.

No sound came from his sealed lips when death dealt him the blow,
I wept and kissed his gory brow—nigh bloodless as the snow—
I tucked him in his white shroud and hid him in the ground,
I saw how deep in earth he'll sleep with many a gory wound !

Oh ! never a stone will mark the spot where wild flowers o'er him
 wave,
To tell the name or mournful lot of my son in his lowly grave ;
Cold, cold and still in earth he'll lie till Time's last sands are run,
The winds will sigh and wild birds fly o'er the dust of my dear son.

The glorious sun in brightness for him no more shall shine,
And never more heart-lightness on earth will e'er be mine ;
Hard pressed on fields of battle, thrice shipwrecked on the sea,
Oh, lo ! from many a distant isle he wandered home to me.

His ever welcome footsteps and voice I'll no more hear,
No more tales in my ear he'll pour my heart to chill or cheer ;
O ! Nellfield lonely graveyard, I'll often think of thee,
Where Willie sleeps 'mong strangers, by the silvery flowing Dee.



